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RAM

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN GROUPIES REPORT (PT. II)

Is there true love?
What's a Squelch?
Male Groupies
Drug Groupies
Groupie Photo Albums

THE MAN WHO WAS ZAPPED BY BOB DYLAN

FRANK ZAPPA
no future?

GEORGE BENSON
'n' all that jazz

ROCK MOVIES

KEEF 'N' DRUGS

BOZ · RADIO BIRDMAN · MONDO ROCK · RAMONES · JACKSON BROWNE · MONKEES · PHIL MANZANERA · LOTS MORE

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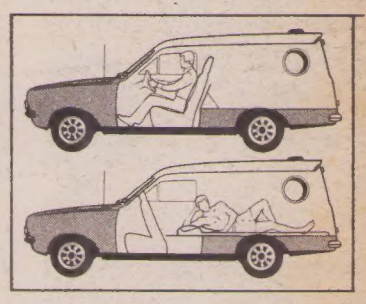
Escort Sundowner puts it together in a neat size and when you're running free it won't cost a bundle to run. Comes as a 1.6 litre or 2 litre model . . . and the big news is that the front seats tilt forward to give you stretch out room when you're sleeping out. Side panel bubble windows, distinctive striping and 'houndstooth pattern' cloth seat inserts make it stand-out along with the following standard gear: AM push-button radio * Quartz Halogen headlights and long range driving lights * ZR70S steel-belt radials on steel sport-type wheels with chrome finish trim rings * Soft-rim sports steering wheel and instrumentation that includes a tachometer * Headlining in load area with fluorescent roof light and loop pile carpet * Styled right and left hand exterior rear view mirrors * Black-out paint treatment.



Escort Sundowner. The free-wheelin' van from Ford

Ford

FLC 1041

Welcome to the Funhouse

The question is, why did the word "Punk" appear so frequently as the thing RAM readers wanted to see less of in this magazine?

Oh sure, when answering our RAM Reader's Survey two issues ago, people singled out other hates they'd like to see less of in the magazine. Boz Scaggs, Fleetwood Mac got honourable mentions. Abba and the Bay City Rollers and disco scored OK.

But the largest, collective hate of all readers was punk.

And to make it clear they weren't fooled by fancy titles, most readers put down Punk/New Wave.

Presumably this means it doesn't matter if it's chunka-chunda at 100 m.p.h. a la Sex Pistols or the Ramones, or the intricate guitar interweavings of Tom Verlaine from Television, many of the hard core musically aware punters (and you have to be hard core to buy a specialist music paper like RAM) aren't taking to it.

Why?

Well, one thing for sure, it wasn't like this nearly two years ago when we first carried articles expounding the aims, meanings and leanings of Punk.

Back then we explained Punk/New Wave was an answer to the hierarchy of rock. It concerned the ambition to go out and do something that **wasn't** *a straight copy of what Led Zeppelin or Deep Purple had pioneered nearly ten years before.*

Back then reader response was encouraging.

But now, after hundreds of pages of Punk Fashion gunk in the daily papers, and hours of TV reports about Punk Violence, the tide has turned. Many RAM readers, it seems, are convinced Punk/New Wave is a mealy-mouthed hype that has nothing to do with music, or originality. And actually, they have a point. As this magazine noted late last year, Australia has been over-influenced by overseas punk product, so much so that the local scene seems to bow thrice in the direction of London before doing or believing in anything.

*There's been too much of '***this** *happening in London so it* **must** *be good', and not enough 'OK we're an Australian band who doesn't want to be a carbon copy of what's happening on the West Coast of America.'*

And the cruelly ironical thing is, the New Wave philosophy is **supposed** *to be a means of liberating bands from copying* **any** *familiar formulae.*

You only have to listen to bands like Television, Patti Smith, Talking Heads, X-T-C, or The Table to realise there **can** *be originality outside the mainstream, that new music* **can** *have its own rewards.*

If there's any validation of New Wave/Punk it's not that the Sex Pistols got a No. 1 single in the UK by blowing snot at the Queen, it's that right now, thousands of young players overseas are developing their own styles **without** *checking how Jimmy Page played it in 1972. In five years, simply by the law of averages, there will be guitar players and singers et al who will have grown to be masters of rock in their own right, not in the shadow of current heavy metal masters.*

And you can betcha someone will be bemoaning that it didn't happen in Oz.

Anthony O'Grady

DIRT

GET STAFFED

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GENESIS NEW 'UN

Genesis have found a new lead and bass guitarist in Daryl Stuermer.

Twenty five year old Stuermer spent two and a half years with Jean-Luc Ponty's band and appeared on two albums by George Duke.

Genesis are planning to tour England, Europe, America and Japan this year as part of a world tour. As yet, no mention of an Australian tour has been made.

HOOKS MAXI. JO JO ZEP MAXI-MAXI

Humour In Uniform **b/w** *Do The Hook* **and** *Don't Take Your Lurex To The Laundromat* **from Skyhooks now out in glorious 12" black vinyl and a four colour sleeve. "***And* **it's priced at only $1.75," chuckles a Mushroom Records spokesman, undoubtedly comparing it with the maxi-maxi-single released by Jo Jo Zep containing five trax (recorded live) retailing for $2.95. Meanwhile Jo Jo Zep and manager Steve Hill have parted company.**

THE FRONT COVER

The RAM cover girl is Karen Evans, part time secretary, full time rock'n' roll ligger. If you ask her why she posed for the shots, you'll get the answer: "For rock and roll." And that's no trumped up excuse; Karen is an honest wench. She says the bands she likes are *real* bands, not rip offs; "No bullshit bands, no copies – I can't handle copies." Her real bands have to be hot, loud and mean. To the Sydney bands who come up to Karen's standards, she's a friend, and a damn good one. If you've read the Report, you'll recognise the distinction.

COVER PHOTO: RICHARD BAILEY

Lou Reed and Paul McCartney fans can stop holding their breath. Lou's just scrapped the second side of his album and is re-recording. Macca just scrapped all but four trax off his new 'un and is re-recording.

Elton John was getting bored recording his new album so he flew off to Rio De Janeiro for the Carnival Ball.

Then he realised that his favourite soccer team was playing that Saturday. So the hair transplanted one hopped a plane back to Paris.

Ten hours later, he arrived in the French capital and was greeted with the news the football match had been cancelled. "Let me back on the plane," he shrieked.

Elton and troupe finally arrived at the ball wearing sailor suits.

As you can easily see, it's all fun, fun, fun in the Superstar Rock World.

GRAHAM PARKER TO TOUR?

Negotiations are believed to have just been completed, assuring a Graham Parker Australian tour in October.

Parker's latest elpee *Stick To Me* is enjoying healthy sales in Oz. The single *New York Shuffle* is picking up Australian airplay.

But the essential ingredient for total Parker appreciation has always been to see him in live performance. "They haven't invented the record that can capture *that* much energy and style" was the summing up of fans after his first American tour.

Serious negotiations for a Parker visit to Oz started after a G.P. film clip received ecstatic viewer reaction when shown on *Nightmoves.*

BOZ IS THE BOOM

A death threat note was slipped to **Boz Scaggs** before his Sydney concerts last week. "If you thought the Hilton bomb was a blast", it said, "watch out for Friday." A shaken Boz stepped gingerly on stage and played the concert without mishap.

A Boz blast of a different kind happened at the Scaggs official gold record presentation. "Usually Boz dresses elegantly," sniffed the president of CBS Australia "but I'm glad most of the guests made the effort." Boz, wearing expensive black slacks, Gucci shoes and black silk shirt was heard to mutter "What was that crap?"

ENO FOR BOWIE

Australia could be the only country in the world to see **Brian Eno** performing on stage with **David Bowie** this year.

Eno, who worked on Bowie's last two albums *Low* and *Heroes,* dislikes touring. But Bowie says that both Brian Eno and **Robert Fripp** will do six concerts with him this year – probably in Australia. The reason for working together in Australia says Bowie, is that Eno "would prefer to play in places he has never been to before because he does not like stage work."

BILLY JOEL OZ TOUR

Billy Joel is returning to Australia for a concert tour in April.

Joel's last Oz tour in late '76 followed the belated success of his *Piano Man* single.

This year has seen Joel score a gold record for his latest album *The Stranger* in Australia and rave press reviews in the rock papers.

In preparation for the April tour, a second single is to be released from *The Stranger* album.

According to an American magazine, **Linda Ronstadt** is currently undergoing hospital treatment. Nothing serious though, she's just having a nose job.

Apparently the lady's nose has been damaged by an over-indulgence in cocaine which has burnt out her nostrils.

Here's cheers to our old mate Vince Lovegrove (ex-RAM man in Melbourne) who's now on a Current Affair delivering a weekly report on rock and other teenage affairs.

But hold on . . . what's this . . . we've just received a press release stating Vince will extend his reports "to drugs". On-camera taste tests perhaps?

Ferrets have got it together in record breaking time (considering the eons it took to put down the first album) to record six new trax. Two are currently being considered as a new single *This Night* and *Are You Looking At Me? Are You Looking?* is supposedly inspired by being on the **Blondie** tour, whatever that means.

Is there sex after death?

Apparently the late **Marc Bolan's** former wife **June** thinks so Thirty-four year old June is pregnant. In a recent interview she spilt the beans by saying "Two weeks after Marc's death I suddenly conceived. I've no idea why. Marc always had this thing about reincarnation."

THE ROD STEWART GOSSIP COLUMN

Did you know that **Rod Stewart** *just loves* to wear feminine underwear?

According to his current(?) love, **Bebe Buell,** "Rod really loves lingerie, you know, nothing kinky but beautiful underthings." The lady went on to say the super-star "loves beautiful bras."

Obviously Rod hasn't spent much time in New York recently. According to the *Village Voice* newspaper, the big new thing in New York is asexuality, which means no sex at all. In a recent best-selling issue, artist **Andy Warhol** was happy to admit he *never* does it these days.

Rod's been spreading himself a bit thinly of late.

Last week he kept flitting back and forth between **Bebe Buell** and Brazilian actress **Virginia Balkan.** He finally packed young Bebe off to England.

What happens when you drive too fast? **Rod** found out the hard way last week.

He was racing out to London Airport to catch an international flight when he heard a bang. The next thing he knew, his Rolls Royce was on fire.

Observers said it reminded them of a Kiss Show, there was so much smoke.

He does do *some* work though. He'll spend the next three months recording a new album.

It's believed he'll use the same band that toured Australia early last year and recorded *Footloose And Fancy Free.*

Stewart hopes to complete the album by the end of May so he can fly to Argentina for the World Cup soccer match.

Rod Stewart and Elton John have finally agreed on the format of the film in which they'll co-star.

Called "Jet Lag," the movie should go into production later this year. But first, Rod and Elton have to find a script writer.

The story line is about two rival rock stars trying to outdo each other. *(Yaaawn – Ed).*

Talking of Never Saying Goodbye – Billy Thorpe finally left for America after a total of seven (we counted 'em) "final farewell performances" in Sydney.

Melb. group **Cybotron** are releasing their second album *Colossus* in April.

The Aussie exponents of electronic rock will follow it up with an extensive campus tour. And let's hear it for hype . . . "We promise you that where ELP and Pink Floyd left off, Cybotron take over!" (*ZZZZZ – K. Emerson*).

Blondies, a new Punk venue in Sydney is above McDonalds in Bondi Junction. Entry is just $1.00. There's op-art decoration and pinball machines against the wall.

Talking of Punk gunshiness, Sydney Punk Rocker Johnny Dole was overheard asking if the management of the Bondi Lifesaver minded if he spat onstage. "It's part of the show," explained Johnny.

OH, RATS!

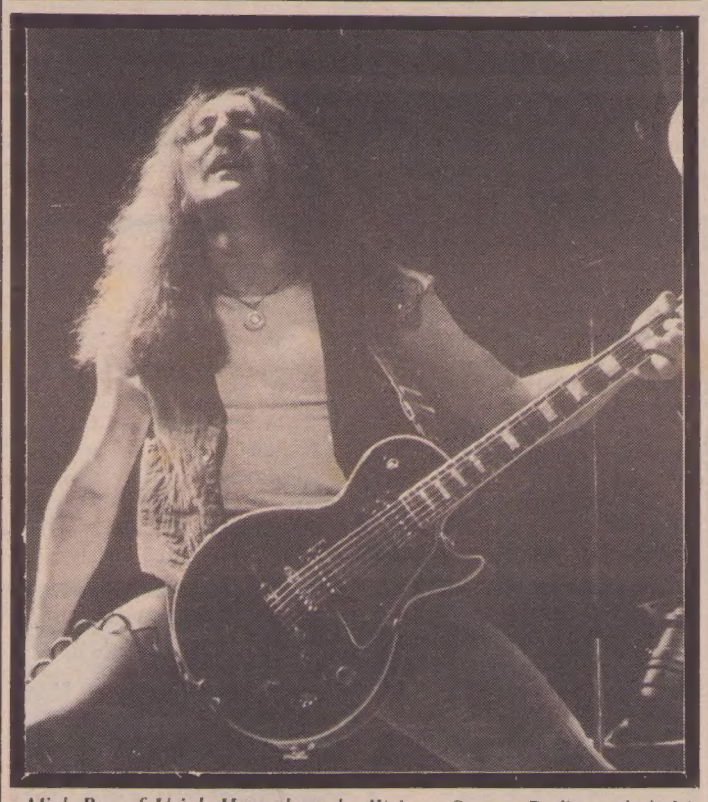
Desert Rat, a Melbourne new wave outfit, have taken to wearing Australian Army uniforms on stage and draping camouflage netting over the P.A. equipment.

Naturally enough A. S. Pokesman for the RSL started a huffing and a puffing "about desecration of Australia's Proud Heritage". For any one who didn't know, The Desert Rats was the nom de war for Ozzie battlers fighting Rommel in World War II.

So, *This Day Tonight* staged "a debate" between a Desert Rat and an RSL personage. It was dull actually, what with the Desert Rat falling over himself being polite and apologetic and the RSL digger muttering "we are thinking of taking action".

Best line: the RSL digger picked up the fact the Desert Rat was actually an English lad. "They're not even *Australian!*" he said with great disdain.

Only thing was, the TDT interviewer was a pretty Eurasian. Al Grassby, start writing that letter.



Mick Box of Uriah Heep does the Weimar Stomp. Berlin rools huh? (pic Gary Merrin).

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO URIAH HEEP?

The British group may have dropped out of the public eye here, but overseas they're Germany's top selling rock act.

They've two albums and a couple of singles in the German charts at the moment and have just returned from a twelve-date tour where they played to 60,000 people.

But the Germans aren't having all the fun. As part of a world tour Uriah Heep will be coming to Australia later this year.

GARRETT MAKES LOVE AGELESS

Sixteen year old pop idol **Leif Garrett** received his first gold record in Sydney last week.

Otherwise, Garrett has been creating teen hysteria on personal appearances around Oz. He says he'll be back in October for a national concert tour.

Meanwhile, Ron E. Sparx was interviewing Mike Love of the Beach Boys on 2SM last fornight. "Have you heard Leif Garrett's version of *Surfin' USA?"* asked Ron.

"Oh yeah," said Mike.

"Does it make you feel old, hearing a 16-year-old kid do a song you first released nearly 16 years ago?" asked Ron.

"No. Just ageless," said Mike.

Guitarist Mario Millo has left Windchase, leaving the future of the band much in doubt.

Emotion indeed. **Samantha Sang** is being divorced by her husband, Oz journalist **Graham Simpson.** Graham claims the **Bee Gees** organisation "stole" Samantha away (*Emotion* was written and produced by Barry Gibb). **Kim Gibb** ex-wife of young **Andy** who was "sent home" from America just as young Andy was cracking it big had the same sad story to tell. Are the Bee Gees modern day Svengalis? Tsk tsk . . .

But meanwhile, the **Bros Gibb** are dominating the US and world chartz in even more ruthless fashion than they're supposedly manipulating the people around them. Last week's US chartz had songs from the Bee Gee family at Nos 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 52 and 91. Also the U.S. No. I album, *Saturday Night Fever.*

Of all things, a U-Turn fan attacked Annie Burton at the Bondi Lifesaver last week. "This is for the review you wrote about their album!" screamed the fan and closed in with sharpened fingernails. U-Turn, natch, can't be held responsible for the attack, they broke up over a month ago.

Talking about the Bondi Lifesaver, did you know a couple were spotted screwing in time to a new Dragon song *Miss Mercy* **a few weeks back? True, they were.**

NEW WAVE

Melbourne Punk Band (and proud of it) **X-RAY-Z** continuing their merry way, currently recording three tracks for Suicide compilation album. Trax are *Don't Look Don't Touch, Valium* and *Three More Glorious Years.* "Some people", sez X-Ray's latest press release, "are slinging shit at X-Ray-Z. Good stuff."

Here's a go. **The Saints** are strongly rumoured to be returning for a brief chunder through the bowels of Oz within the next month. The Paris Theatre in Sydney seems one likely venue. Gawd knows *where* they'll play in their home town of Brisbane.

Rockwell T. James' fourth single is now released.

Called *Rollin' On,* it was recorded while Sherbet were in Australia last month. **Garth Porter** and **Tony Mitchell** are on it, along with drummer Mark Kennedy, Cold Chisel's guitarist Ian Moss, guitarist Ian Miller and Tony Buchanan.

When **Frank Zappa** arrived in England last fortnight for concert dates, his equipment was delayed by customs officials.

Zappa adopted a favourite ploy for such occasions and contacted his record company, asking for one hundred albums to give to customs men.

But Frank's call for aid was ignored. He's currently hassling with his record company and they refused him any vinyl sweetening (*see Zappa story this ish*).

There was a time in England when you couldn't hold a protest march without having a rock'n'roll band.

Now, the gay liberation movement has got its own group – the **Tom Robinson Band.**

At a demonstration in Trafalgar Square last weekend, the band performed their current single *Sing If You're Glad To Be Gay* before a crowd of five thousand people.

Meanwhile Tom's *2-4-6-8 Motorway* is shooting up the Oz chartz.

While **Dragon** were drawing enthusiastic response as support act to Boz Scaggs, *April Sun In Cuba* hit the top ten in their native New Zealand.

In the meantime, Australian radio has picked up on El Drag's latest single *Shooting Stars,* lifted from the *Running Free* album.

After the Boz Scaggs tour, Dragon start their own fifty-two date national tour.

Get To Know
"THE STRANGER"

NEW FROM THE NEW WAVE

Is Mushroom's *Suicide* label intent on buying up every punk band in the country, whether they're ready or not?

After losing their manager and their recording contract, British new wave band *The Damned* are getting it together again.

They've found a new manager and are rehearsing regularly. They've also approached *Frank Zappa* and asked him to produce their next release.

Mind you, Zappa did an album for a directionless Grand Funk a few years back and that bombed out.

Whaddever 'appened to the Ex Pistols?

Johnny Rotten is reportedly recording a reggae album in Jamaica with local musicians and local herbs. Sid Vicious is facing trial for possession of amphetamines in London. Paul Cook and Steve Jones are rehearsing with the Great Train Gobber Ronnie Biggs in Rio (where *all* the stars hang out). Touring plans could be a bit dicey! Meanwhile, the Pistols U.S. record company reckon the band *will* reform with the original line-up. Rotten out front yet. But then, Warner and his Brothers have gotta tell the shareholders something.

The Clash, one of the earliest of the British punk bands, forced to interrupt recording sessions for their new album.

The reason, it seems, is guitarist *Joe Strummer* has suffered a relapse of glandular fever, a disease that's forced the Clash to cancel gigs in the past.

The album, their second, is due within the next few months.

Sniffin' Glue, the father of punk fanzines, has finally folded after eighteen months on the street. Amen.

English Review of The Saints noo single *Know Your Product* concluded with "From the Saints, it's more likely to be goodbye than halo."

In Queensland, the crack police unit, The Flying Squad, seems to have been taking an unusually close interest in all new wave gigs and bands. But Joh, some of 'em are good fascists who fight alongside your boys in blue at the hippie demos.

Sydney band Filth have been tearing 'em apart (literally). Songs include *Do The Harold Holt* and *Fernando* while the "stage act" concentrates on smashing people with whatever's handy. At their second gig a three year old sprog was carted off after connecting with a mike stand hurled into the crowd. Meanwhile commercial artist/punk Paul Gearside of the Psycho Surgeons spent the night attacking people with chairs.

WHAT IS A FRENCH KISS?

Well you can stop pondering the answer, the 25 winners of our Bob Welch competition have had their albums posted out. Here's a selection of the answers: *"Brigitte Bardot giving you a hot croissant in the morning," "A method of shutting up your girlfriend for a while," "Something to seal a French Letter with,"* **and** *"Gene-Paul Simmons (tongue in cheek of course)."*

Zal, the outfit formed from the remnants of the old **Sensational Alex Harvey Band,** has just begun its first British tour.

Formed late last year after Alex Harvey announced his retirement, the group includes American vocalist Leroi Jones who recently quit the zany U.S. outfit the Tubes.

Meanwhile, as Zal work their way around England, **Alex Harvey** is preparing for his first concert since coming out of retirement three weeks ago.

When Welsh recording star **Bonnie Tyler** arrived in Australia to compere Countdown, she shocked waiting newsmen by asking if she could see any kangaroos on the drive between the airport and her Kings Cross hotel.

The real crunch came when a reporter visiting her hotel found Bonnie in fake sun-tan make-up. She didn't want to look like a lilly-white foreigner y'see . . .

It's now Dial -A-TV Star at David Douglas Promotions in Sydney. Kobe Steele, well known and well endowed front lady for Right On, is now working there.

RAINBOW BLOWS OUT

Lastweek, history was turned down in Sydney.

Bob Daisley, bassist with Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow, was holidaying in his old home town of Sydney last week when he ran into some old friends in a band called **Toons.**

Daisley, who left Australia seven years ago, jammed with the group at the Grand National Hotel.

But the hotel manager insisted the band turn down because they were too loud – not realising history was being made before his very eyes.

A CHAMPION RACIAL RIOT

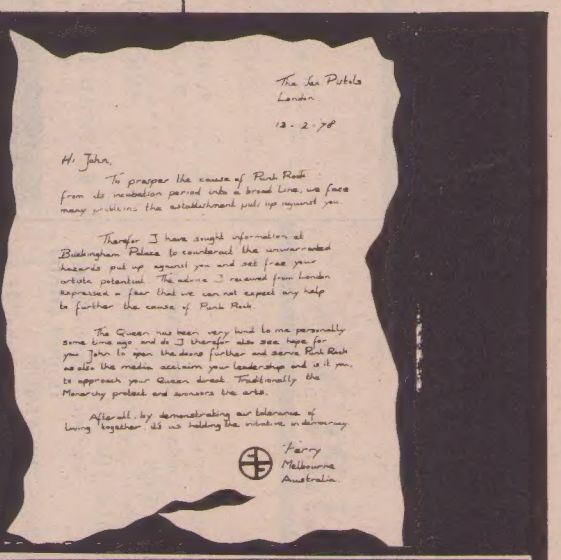
The Champion Hotel in Melbourne was closed last week after a riot between staff and aboriginal customers. No one yet has admitted responsibility for starting the fracas, but at its height the brawl involved a platoon of armed police, the entire staff of the Champion and most of the hotel's customers.

Staff were hit in the head and neck by flying billiard balls from the hotel's mini-pool tables. The flying balls also shattered most of the hotel's bottled stock. TVs, billiard tables and jukeboxes were smashed. One member of the staff was downed after a bike chain was wrapped around his head. The staff retaliated against rioting customers with axe handles, hammers and shot guns. An aboriginal's leg was shattered by a blast from a double-barrelled shotgun. The entire hotel has now been closed.

FIFTH DIMENSION FOR NEW CABARET CIRCUIT

The Fifth Dimension, former '60's pop chart busters with songs such as *Up Up And Away* and *Let The Sunshine In* are the first act booked for a new cabaret circuit around Australia. The circuit was pieced together by promoters Evans Gudinski and Paradine Paterson and mostly consists of existing venues linked together to bulk-buy top overseas cabaret and Middle of the Road acts. Fifth Dimension tour details are on RAM's National Nitelife page.

Nucleus Agency in Melbourne have just picked up representation for Norman Gunston's personal appearances.



The Sex Pistols
London

12-2-78

Hi John,

To prosper the cause of Punk Rock from its incubation period into a broad line, we face many problems the establishment puts up against you.

Therefor I have sought information at Buckingham Palace to counteract the unwarranted hazards put up against you and set free your artistic potential. The advice I received from London represses a fear that we can not expect any help to further the cause of Punk Rock.

The Queen has been very kind to me personally some time ago and so I therefor also see hope for you John to open the doors further and serve Punk Rock as also the media acclaim your leadership and so it you, to approach your Queen direct. Traditionally the Monarchy protect and sponsors the arts.

After all, by demonstrating our tolerance of living together as we holding the initiative in democracy

Yours
Melbourne
Australia

ALEPH PLAN THE LONG WAY BACK

We've already told you the long, winding, complicated Aleph story in a previous issue (see RAM No. 77). Suffice to recap, the band was *very* promising, receiving rave reviews and receptions for their symphonic-rock, conceptual material, particularly in Melbourne. Then they recorded an album but didn't like the results and wanted to hold off releasing anything till they'd put down something they felt *really* reflected their talents. Unfortunately, due to a series of mishaps (like losing their lead singer) and misunderstandings, the album was released, pissing the band off no end.

When last heard of, they'd retreated to the Byron Bay area to play around the traps. Now here's the good news. They've been going down a storm and packing out gig after gig. Apart from their own material, Aleph play ELP, Jeff Beck and even Sex Pistols tunes. On occasions the vibe has been so hot, total chaos has resulted.

Currently the band are looking to the Music Farm Studios (which have just attracted Engineer of '77, John Sayers) to help put down a new album in gradual stages throughout '78. In the meantime the band are still searching for a full-time vocalist with the three-octave range required for the group's original material. Applicants will have no trouble finding Aleph around the Byron Bay area. The band say they're confident the right person will turn up "with time".

PA

PREMIER ARTISTS

AUSTRALIA'S LEADING TALENT ORGANISATION
BOOKING THE WHO'S WHO OF AUSTRALIAN ROCK

• EXCLUSIVE REPRESENTATION •
DANIEL
KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS
LOIS LANE
LIVING LEGENDS
LAST CHANCE CAFE
MATCHBOX
MOTHER GOOSE
PARACHUTE
REDHOUSE
ROSS WILSON'S MONDO ROCK
SANCTUARY
SKYHOOKS
SPORTS
STARS
STYLUS
SUPERNAUT
TASTE
TEXAS
THE FERRETS
THE RIDE BAND
THINK (N.Z.)
X-RAY-Z

• INTERSTATE •
ANGELS
AYERS ROCK
DRAGON
CAROL LLOYD BAND
FEATHER
FINCH
HUSH
JEFF ST. JOHN
JON ENGLISH BAND
OL'55
PUNKZ
RENEE GEYER BAND
RICHARD CLAPTON BAND
ROSE TATTOO
SCANDAL
T.M.G.
WINDCHASE

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Chartz

• Denotes bullet performer

OZ SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
2	(1)	MULL OF KINTYRE/GIRLS SCHOOL	Wings (Capitol)
3	(3)	SURFIN' USA	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)
4	(4)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees (RSO)
5	(5)	BLUE BAYOU	Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
6	(8)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang (Private Stock)
7	(10)	NEEDLES AND PINS	Smokie (Rak)
8	(9)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)
9	(7)	DON'T LET ME BE MIS-UNDERSTOOD	Santa Emeralda (Philips)
10	(6)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam (Epic)
11	(14)	HERE YOU COME AGAIN	Dolly Parton (RCA)
12	(18)	•SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman (Warner Bros)
13	(13)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Debby Boone (Warner Bros)
14	(21)	•2.4.6.8. MOTORWAY	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)
15	(20)	•BABY COME BACK	Player (Philips)
16	(29)	•ISN'T IT TIME	The Babys (Chrysalis)
17	(17)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE	Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
18	(11)	YOU	Marcia Hines (Miracle)
19	(12)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS/ WE WILL ROCK YOU	Queen (Elektra)
20	(26)	•TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba (RCA)
21	(15)	FROM NEW YORK TO L.A.	Patsy Gallant (Attic)
22	(16)	APRIL SUN IN CUBA	Dragon (Portrait)
23	(27)	UPTOWN FESTIVAL	Shalamar (RCA)
24	(19)	HEROES	David Bowie (RCA)
25	(23)	RENDEZVOUS	Tina Charles (CBS)
26	(24)	BAD BOY FOR LOVE	Rose Tattoo (Albert)
27	( )	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE	Baccara (RCA)
28	(28)	THE CRUNCH	The Rah Band (RCA)
29	(22)	STAR WARS TITLE THEME	Meco (RCA)
30	(25)	STAY (WHILE THE NIGHT IS YOUNG	Ol'55 (Mushroom)

OZ ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
3	(3)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (United Artists)
4	(4)	ABBA – THE ALBUM	Abba (RCA)
5	(5)	FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
6	(6)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
7	(7)	I'M GLAD YOUR HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond (CBS)
8	(11)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
9	(16)	•LEIF GARRETT	Leif Garrett (Atlantic)
10	(8)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (United Artists)
11	(13)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
12	(10)	MOONFLOWER	Santana (CBS)
13	(9)	HEROES	David Bowie (RCA)
14	(14)	DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD	Santa Esmeralda (Philips)
15	(15)	PARADISE	Stars (Mushroom)
16	(17)	LIVE AND LET LIVE	10cc (Mercury)
17	(12)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen (Elektra)
18	(19)	OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	(Interfusion)
19	(28)	•WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson (Warner Bros)
20	(18)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack (20th Century)
21	(20)	RUNNING FREE	Dragon (Portrait)
22	(22)	LINDA RONSTADT'S GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt (Asylum)
23	(23)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel (CBS)
24	(21)	DECADE	Neil Young (Reprise)
25	(30)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Original Movie Soundtrack (RSO)
26	(25)	SHOW SOME EMOTION	Joan Armatrading (A&M)
27	(24)	RAM JAM	Ram Jam (Epic)
28	(27)	UPTOWN FESTIVAL	Shalamar (Soul Train)
29	(26)	AJA	Steely Dan (ABC)
30	( )	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)

U.K. SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
2	(5)	WISHING ON A STAR	Rose Royce
3	(8)	•COME BACK MY LOVE	Darts
4	(2)	FIGARO	Brotherhood of Man
5	(11)	•MR BLUE SKY	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(3)	IF I HAD WORDS	Scott Fitzgerald/Yvonne Keely

Sweet roar up UK charts with new single. Dig Andy Scott's new beard (pic Paul Cox/LFI).

7	(14)	•LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN	Sweet
8	(6)	HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING	Rod Stewart
9	(22)	•STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
10	(17)	•JUST ONE MORE NIGHT	Yellow Dog
11	(7)	SORRY I'M A LADY	Baccara
12	(15)	DRUMMERMAN	Tonight
13	(10)	LOVELY DAY	Bill Withers
14	(23)	•WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Kate Bush
15	(4)	UP TOWN TOP RANKING	Althea and Donna
16	(21)	•EMOTION	Samantha Sang
17	(9)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey
18	(–)	•ALL RIGHT NOW	Free
19	(19)	5 MINUTES	Stranglers
20	(16)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
21	(12)	THE MULL OF KINTYRE/ GIRLS SCHOOL	Wings
22	(28)	•THEME FROM WHICH WAY IS UP	Stargard
23	(24)	FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE	Smokie
24	(–)	•RISING FREE	TRB
25	(26)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
26	(29)	FANTASY	Earth, Wind and Fire
27	(–)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
28	(–)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
29	(13)	JAMMING/PUNKY REGGAE PARTY	Bob Marley and the Wailers
30	(–)	DENIS	Blondie

U.K. ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	THE ALBUM	Abba
2	(2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
3	(4)	FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
4	(6)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
5	(3)	THE SOUND OF BREAD	Bread
6	(7)	VARIATIONS	Andrew Lloyd Webber
7	(5)	DONNA SUMMER'S GREATEST HITS	
8	(10)	EXODUS	Bob Marley and the Wailers
9	(12)	REFLECTIONS	Andy Williams
10	(11)	DISCO FEVER	Various Artists
11	(8)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2	
12	(14)	THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS	Beatles
13	(12)	FEELINGS	Various Artists
14	(9)	NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES	Ian Dury
15	(15)	DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER	Joni Mitchell
	(17)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS HERE'S THE SEX PISTOLS	Sex Pistols
17	(–)	•DRASTIC PLASTIC	Be-Bop Deluxe
18	(22)	MOONFLOWER	Santana
19	(23)	THE FLORAL DANCE	Brighouse and Rastrick Band
20	(–)	•BEST FRIENDS	Cleo Laine and John Williams
21	(19)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth, Wind and Fire
	(–)	•ABBA'S GREATEST HITS	Abba
23	(21)	WHITE MUSIC	XTC
24	(16)	20 COUNTRY CLASSICS	Tammy Wynette
	(20)	30 GREATEST HITS	Gladys Knight and the Pips
26	(–)	GREATEST HITS, ETC.	Paul Simon
27	(–)	DARTS	
28	(29)	KILL CITY	Iggy Pop and James Williamson
29	(–)	WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIVE	Tubes
30	(18)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen

Two titles tied for 15th, 21st and 24th positions.

U.S. SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	STAYIN' ALIVE	Bee Gees
2	(3)	EMOTION	Samantha Sang
3	(5)	(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER	Andy Gibb
4	(2)	JUST THE WAY YOU ARE	Billy Joel
5	(4)	SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH	Dan Hill
6	(6)	DANCE, DANCE, DANCE	Chic
7	(7)	SHORT PEOPLE	Randy Newman
8	(11)	WHAT'S YOUR NAME	Lynyrd Skynyrd
9	(8)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS	Queen
10	(14)	PEG	Steely Dan
11	(9)	BABY COME BACK	Player
12	(21)	•LAY DOWN SALLY	Eric Clapton
13	(25)	•NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees
14	(16)	I GO CRAZY	Paul Davis
15	(15)	NATIVE NEW YORKER	Odyssey
16	(10)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART	Rod Stewart
17	(24)	•FALLING	LeBlanc and Carr
18	(19)	FFUN	Con Funk Shun
19	(20)	THEME FROM CLOSE EN-COUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	John Williams
20	(23)	THUNDER ISLAND	Jay Ferguson
21	(29)	•WONDERFUL WORLD	Art Garfunkel, James Taylor and Paul Simon
22	(27)	THE NAME OF THE GAME	Abba
23	(28)	•THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO	Rita Coolidge
24	(30)	JACK AND JILL	Raydio
25	(–)	•ALWAYS AND FOREVER	Heatwave
26	(–)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE	Bee Gees
27	(–)	CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU	Barry Manilow
28	(–)	HAPPY ANNIVERSARY	Little River Band
29	(–)	THEME FROM CLOSE EN-COUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Meco
30	(–)	GOOD-BYE GIRL	David Gates

U.S. ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various Artists
2	(4)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
3	(2)	NEWS OF THE WORLD	Queen
4	(5)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne
5	(3)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
6	(6)	FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE	Rod Stewart
7	(7)	ALL 'N' ALL	Earth, Wind and Fire
8	(8)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
9	(11)	AJA	Steely Dan
10	(13)	SLOWHAND	Eric Clapton
11	(9)	SIMPLE DREAMS	Linda Ronstadt
12	(15)	POINT OF KNOW RETURN	Kansas
13	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra
14	(18)	WATERMARK	Art Garfunkel
15	(16)	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	Soundtrack
16	(–)	•DOUBLE LIVE GONZO	Ted Nugent
17	(12)	ALIVE II	Kiss
18	(19)	DOWN TWO THEN LEFT	Boz Scaggs
19	(20)	FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME	Parliament
20	(21)	STREET SURVIVORS	Lynyrd Skynyrd
21	(24)	LONGER FUSE	Dan Hill
22	(23)	LITTLE CRIMINALS	Randy Newman
23	(28)	•WEEKEND IN L.A.	George Benson
24	(25)	FRENCH KISS	Bob Welch
25	(30)	•LIVE AT THE BIJOU	Grover Washington Jnr.
26	(17)	I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT	Neil Diamond
27	(22)	GALAXY	War
28	(–)	WAYLON AND WILLIE	Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson
29	(10)	DRAW THE LINE	Aerosmith
30	(–)	THANKFUL	Natalie Cole

Charts courtesy Kent Music

ROCK · A · RAMA

Oh Mama, can this really be the end?

(ROLL THE CREDITS QUICK, WE'RE BORED BUT WE DON'T CARE)

By: Lester Bangs

Well, it wasn't as numbing as *Barry Lyndon.*

The most interesting question raised by *Renaldo & Clara* — an amateurish mixture of concert footage, cinema verite and Warholvian semi-fictionalised semi-improvisational semi-acting shot on the Rolling Thunder tour in 1975 and running nearly four hours — is exactly why anybody will sit still for this kind of stuff?

I'm not just making snide comments, either. That most people won't sit still for it has been established, and the film is sure to bomb, but I must ask myself as just one audience member exactly why I was willing to go and stick it out when I knew in front how boring it would be and haven't been that fanatical a Dylan freak in years.

The answer has something to do with our changing relationship to boredom. If by the end of the '60s that generation's (and *Renaldo & Clara's* prospective audience's) collective attention span had been destroyed by the combined effects of drugs and TV, it meant that henceforth not only would we not be willing to sit still for anything that took the slightest bit of intellectual effort on our part, but we *would* be able to sit through endless hours of soup requiring no real thought at all. Television was the main culprit in the latter development, and Warhol just gave it the necessary hip intellectual imprimatur.

All of which hopefully helps explain why even though I found *Renaldo & Clara* intensely boring, I kind of liked it. Hell, I spent an entire afternoon with the son of a bitch, and familiarity sometimes breeds fidelity if only out of defensiveness; i.e., how am I going to justify this monumental waste of time to my friends? I suppose it might be comforting to Dylan in a way to know that after we got out we truly felt like we had lived with his movie, if not its creator.

Anyway, whatever affection one feels for a movie like this is totally alien to the possibility of affection for the sensibility behind it or the people in it. Not for nothing did Warhol make a point of cutting in for seemingly pointless close-ups of things like lampshades in *The Chelsea Girls, et. al.* Similarly, there are some beautiful carpets in *Renaldo & Clara,* some interesting interiors, some nice footage of New England air and snow falling on various American cities. All of these things are very important, are the poetry of *Renaldo & Clara,* the kind of poetry you arrive at when you conclude that texture is much more important than character and allow the external physical world to swamp the human beings in it. That wasn't exactly Warhol's point — he and Stanley Kubrick are more interested in seeing both humans and their environmental components as interchangeable aesthetic objects — but in both cases it's a product of perceiving your own environment as so dead that it only comes alive when reproduced on film or videotape.

Of course, that's just my theory (or my problem) and not what Bob Dylan thinks. He thinks his friends are real cute, and as for the way he lingers on their general vacant faces, like he says in the film's publicity handout: *"I can't believe that people think that four hours is too long for a film. As if people had so much to do . . . Americans are spoiled, they expect art to be like wallpaper with no effort, just to be there."*

See, Bob's just as twisted by his relationship to boredom as the rest of us — time passed slowly out there in the mountains, after he got back into the city too — but as for the wallpaper, I don't know. Wallpaper vs Joan Baez pretending to act — as a hooker, yet! — with a fake foreign accent that you couldn't decide whether it was Spanish or French, is obviously a pretty stiff contest.

Also, I'm glad that Bob saved himself most of the film's best lines. Among them: *"Oh,"* to Ramblin' Jack Elliott; *"I do too,"* to his wife Sara when she asks him if he's been messing around with Joan and says she hates liars; and, best of all, *"What other graves have you visited?"* when Allen Ginsberg takes him to Jack Kerouac's burial site.

What's truly amazing is that in a movie this long, which is so patently self-serving for its creator, you learn so very little about that creator. He doesn't give himself much dialogue — perhaps because, of all the non-actors bumbling through the film's disconnected series of little vignettes loosely suggested by song lyrics, he is with the possible exception of Joan Baez the most embarrassingly inept.

Dylan all dressed up in movie white-face and eye mascara on the Rolling Thunder Review.

Ronnie Hawkins is great in one scene laying the world's oldest con down on a young farm girl, but otherwise Dylan's wife Sara just about steals the show through pure Jewish American princess aggressive self-absorption.

There are other levels on which *Renaldo & Clara* is truly offensive, most notably its exploitation of Authentic Americans — Indians on a reservation, black people in Harlem in New Jersey, old Jewish ladies in what looks like a Catskills lounge where Ginsberg reads *Kaddish* — who are almost invariably condescended to. This only has the effect of making their reality contrast all the more damningly with the smugly pretentious fantasies indulged in by Dylan and his acolytes.

The music isn't that good, either. Sure Dylan sings better here than on 1976's horrific TV special, but he hasn't really put any energy or conviction into the live delivery of his songs for years, and Ramblin' Jack Elliott shuts him down by a mile on wry understatement alone.

Because it's so ineptly handled, what could have been the film's most offensive element — the narcissistic playing on the well-publicised Dylan-Sara-Baez triangle — doesn't really annoy, although you may find yourself wondering what anybody could find interesting enough about any of these people ever to work up actual jealousy.

Although there is humour present, most of it's of the bad in-joke variety: Dylan trading Joan Baez to actor Harry Dean Stanton (who, along with the monstrously beautiful Hellena Kallianiotes, is completely wasted) for a horse; that Bob Dylan can ride a horse; poets Anne Waldman and Allen Ginsberg meeting as hooker and client in a bordello.

The most interesting person in this movie, the one who comes most alive and whom you come away feeling like you know something of, is David Blue. Significantly, all he does is lean on a pinball machine reminiscing with not unconscious humour about the early days of the folk scene in Greenwich Village.

With the exception of his segments, what's finally true of all four hours of *Renaldo & Clara* is that **Nothing is Revealed.** The crucial difference between this film and the shifting levels of Dylan's best songs (or, for that matter, the films of someone like Antonioni), is that the latter were designed that way on purpose. With *Renaldo & Clara,* you get the feeling that Dylan just didn't know how to do it any other than this floundering way — or, perhaps more likely, that these days there is just not that much left there to reveal in the first place.

(See Dylan Feature page 14.)

THE LONG DISTANCE UNFAMOUS, GOOD PLAYING MUSICIAN TERRY WILSON

Annie Burton

Australia is usually a season behind rock trends from Britain and America. When we do get the news, we take to it with a vengeance. In Britain, the spittle drenched, hideously played, *we-won't-sell-out* new wave scene has been just about subsumed by the big bad commercial rock scene, almost totally discredited by the Johnny-Rotten-in-a-Rolls-Royce Sex Pistols debacle; in Australia, people are seeing six month old British new wave film clips, forming bands as quickly as they can tear their T-shirts and mouthing secondhand verbal shock tactics all over the place. Instant bands with four chord repertoires are getting rabid followings of like-minded pea brains, who think bad-mouthing commercially successful bands who've been in there hassling for many long, hard years, is the height of wit.

But what about the musicians who've been playing for all those years *without* raking in the big money.

Terry Wilson is the mainstay of Wasted Daze, a three piece band often mistakenly lumped in with the Sydney New Wave crew. Sure, they're rock'n'roll to the eyeballs, they play, in the main, small venues, crammed pubs, local town hall dances, Causes hire them for money raising shindigs they have no manager and don't work through a big booking agency.

Terry's been playing guitar in at least half a dozen different styles, in twice that many bands for the last twelve years. He's a skinny, energetic lad who talks so fast it's sometimes hard to keep up with him, laughs a lot in a manic giggle, and possesses a rapid wit tinged with more than a little sarcasm. But he's generous with praise, tolerant of other people's eccentricities and probably a bit too trusting; while these last three features of the Wilson personality are without doubt reasons for his continuing almost fanatic enthusiasm for rock'n'roll, they're probably also the main reasons why you've never seen the Wilson dial on *Countdown.*

It certainly isn't lack of talent that's kept the record company hawkeyes in blissful ignorance of Terry Wilson's name. My own dear editor described Terry's stage persona very well when he saw Wasted Daze supporting Richard Clapton — *the all Australian crazy boy* was how O'Grady saw Terry, a euphoric figure ripping out bravura R&B guitar licks. In performance, Terry always looks like he's having a better time than anybody, grinning, bouncing, gym-booted toes turned in and tapping like mad, singing with furiously happy abandon. Wasted Daze is just keeping its head above the poverty watermark, so there are no special stage clothes or props, but Terry *always* looks distinctively eccentric.

So what *has* Mr. Wilson done these last twelve years? Keeping to the bare music bones, mentioning names you'll probably have to wait for the definitive history of Australian rock to identify, this is how it went:

Began in a High School band called Lepers Abandon (honest), formed with Frank Butler, a classmate who later got the 69ers together. Played Kinks, Who, Yardbirds, Manfred Mann, Dylan material plus *God Save The Queen* when school dances wouldn't cop them any more and the band was employed by the Methodists in early Way side Chapel days.

Late sixties with the Slime Men, a quite indescribable University dadaist mess centred around one John Collings, resident poet, artist and madman given to reciting lists (of anything — jams, sandwiches, chairs, colours).

In and out of 69ers, Original Battersea Heroes, Doyle/Wilson Slack Band etc. etc. approx. ten years.

Some time later, spent nine months on and off with Leroy's Layabouts, a fifties rock outfit, at Forest Lodge pub in Glebe, with Ric Tresize from Slime Men; "He played fantastic Shadows guitar, not because he learned it later, but because he used to play like that in those sort of bands in the early sixties".

And then (*Ta-dah!*) *Wasted Daze.* "I always wanted to have a country rock band, so why not? But I couldn't do it properly, so I got Grerg (Phil Cogan) who used to play bass with Red McKelvie." Recruited an old mate on drums from Leroy's layabouts. Replaced Layabouts at Forest Lodge, started packing the place out, set the joint jumping. Moved to Whitehorse pub in Newtown, unfortunately recently closed down when inconsiderate unknown ring-in bands played full blast and upset the locals.

Wasted Daze now supported by local town halls etc. Getting noticed at last; recent Lifesaver gig packed out by Glebe kids following.

Terry has supported himself through bad patches by brief stints on the dole; "I treated it as a training scheme for song-writing, learning things." He's also had a *very* understanding girlfriend. Terry doesn't think anyone can understand the words of his Original Compositions, but there's a couple of beauties, notably *Dole Queen,* all about Margaret (Senator) Guilfoyle, Minister of (un) Employment. He considers the new wave/lousy equipment/packed tiny pub scene, self-defeating because it doesn't have the same solid basis as its Melbourne equivalent; "It's impossible for bands to get out of that scene, because you have to use such terrible equipment because of the noise pollution laws.

"If someone who's never seen you anywhere else comes in and can only hear this dreadful noise, they won't understand why all the people are going out of their heads. It's quite enjoyable to be able to sing and hear *yourself,* it's alright for the band and a few people in the audience who can dig its funkiness, er, *rustic charm,* but the cycle's almost impossible to break out of."

He's not complaining, however, just lamenting the fate of bands who aren't as philosophic about it all. In the meantime, Terry's off and raving about putting out a double EP; "Nobody's ever done it, we just have to fold the cardboard and screenprint it ourselves for the covers, and . . ."

Terry Wilson's the happiest survivor I know.

Dick Tracy

The Sinister implications behind President Carter's link with U.S. Rock 'n' Roll

So did Jimmy Carter really intervene on The Sex Pistols' behalf when their recent American tour was threatened by the U.S. immigration authorities? Or is it just another fanciful rumour concocted out of media hyperbole?

Whatever, the very fact the rumour surfaced at all shows that a lot of people believe that there are now strong lines of communication between the music business establishment and Jimmy Carter's regime.

All along, Carter, more than any other President in the past, has made significant and determined efforts to woo the youth vote.

The rockbiz connection began in Carter's home state, Georgia, when a young record company boss from Macon and the then governor of the state became good friends.

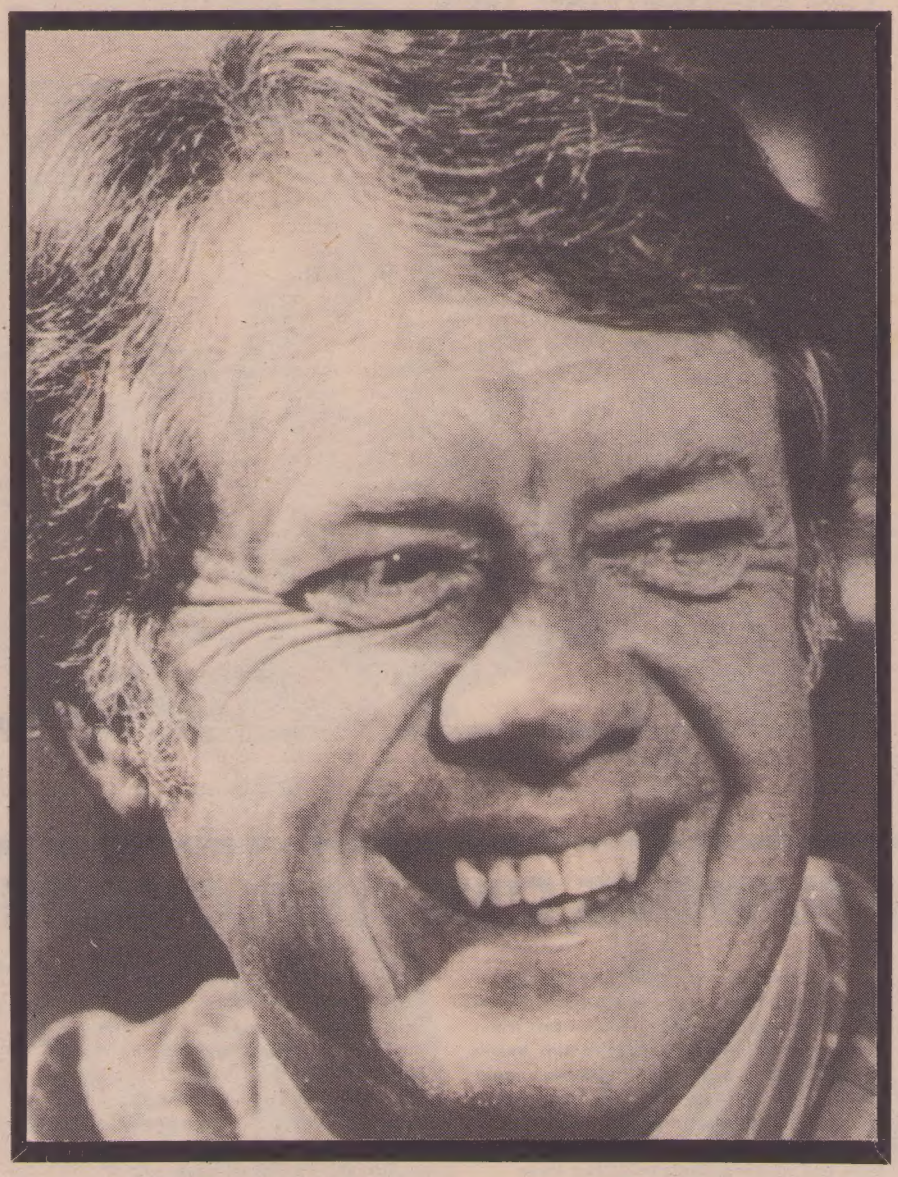
Phil Walden, Otis Redding's ex-manager, was running Capricorn Records, an outfit he'd started in 1969. Walden's first contact with the future President came when he urged Governor Jimmy Carter to support a law banning tape and record piracy in the state. As a result of Carter's influence, the law was passed, and the two men became increasingly friendly.

Enter the third member of this trinity — Joe Smith, an ex-football player from Yale, who entered the music business as a DJ and then became a record executive. In the '60s, as president of Warner Brothers Records, he worked closely with chairman Mo Ostin and signed The Fugs, Tiny Tim and The Mothers of Invention to Reprise.

Smith was the man who arranged Capricorn Records' lucrative distribution deal with Warner Brothers.

Then Jimmy Carter announced his intention of running for President, and the relationship between these three men became edged with political ambition.

Phil Walden got to work. He introduced Carter to his proteges, The Allman Brothers, and Jimmy was photographed sitting in on their sessions — and was even featured on one American magazine cover posing with Gregg and Phil, completely oblivious that Gregg was holding a coke spoon.



"And the Eagles said they'd write a song called 'Peanut Butter Tequila Sunshine'. . . . ."

Promoter turned music mogul Billy Graham was invited to a post-concert breakfast at Jimmy Carter's Georgia mansion along with Bob Dylan and The Band. Walden also enlisted the aid of Jerry Weintraub, John Denver's manager, who staged a substantial number of concerts around the country to raise money for Carter.

But more importantly, Walden introduced Carter to Joe Smith. Smith was interviewed via telephone to Los Angeles on this and other issues. Here's his account:

"When Jimmy Carter was governor of Georgia he was very helpful in executing the tape piracy legislation down there. I met him through Phil Walden. When he decided to run for President in 1975 he asked me if I would introduce him to a number of people in the entertainment business in California, so I ran a couple of parties for him and introduced him to record company lawyers, managers and so forth.

"Then, during the campaign, we remained very close. We helped put together some concerts that gave him a lot of money at a time when he needed it, at the crucial point, and we were very active in the campaign . . .

"Then he was elected President, and we've retained a contact and a friendship."

The first hints that the relationship was anything other than a mutual admiration pact began circulating in the American press earlier this year. In the *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*, Christopher Bonner of the Knight News Service wrote: "The rock music barons who bailed out Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign when it was scratching for money will walk into the White House soon with some IOUs to cash."

At the time Joe Smith denied the implication: "There isn't a helluva lot that anyone can do for us in government."

Nonetheless, there *are* several very urgent matters that the music industry is anxious to sort out — and a link to the upper echelons of the powers-that-be can come in very handy.

For one, there has been a major investigation into payola in the record industry which, after years of hearings and a few minor convictions, the music business now wants halted. Joe Smith claims that no serious allegations have emerged, and the whole investigation is a waste of public money.

Secondly, the industry in America is hustling to get performance rights, like they already have in the U.K. The BBC and other radio and TV stations not only pay money to the songwriter every time a record is played, but they also pay a royalty to the performing artist and the record company. In the States to date they only pay the songwriter.

At stake is a potential $15 million per year, to be divided between companies and performers; enough money to make lobbying worthwhile.

Thirdly, and perhaps most vitally, the Labour Department have plans to limit the number of foreign musicians who can record or tour in the U.S. These are scheduled to come into force this year.

"There are some very significant changes in our immigration policy that's going to affect the foreign musicians coming over here and touring."

Well, so much for LRB and other hopeful Oz bands who want to crack the U.S. Bigtime. These guys want a closed shop.

Senator Robert Bartell alleged decriminalisation of marijuana was the repayment of a campaign debt to Phil Walden from Carter. As Bartell put it: "The illegal drug cocaine is a mainstay and marijuana an everyday fact of life for the 'rock subculture'."

Phil Walden and Carter's son Chip have apparently become good friends, and are currently preparing the organisational spade work for the 1980 campaign. Meantime Joe Smith has other plans — and a burning ambition.

"I kind of have a goal of cleaning up the image of the record industry. In this country it seldom gets mentioned in the media without putting drugs and payola along with it. It's a terribly unpleasant situation but that's a fact."

He would also like to see the administration and the music business working together to deal with large-scale social problems.

"One of the things we said to the President is that, look, this record industry is going with this government to do something, whether it's a programme for world hunger or a programme for anti-drug. We can do something."

So you'd like to see the performers getting more involved?

"Yes, on non-political issues. I don't think world hunger or energy conservation or clean up the ghettoes is political at all."

Who's kidding whom?

He continued; "I think this industry could become very much involved in working with the government, getting a message across. We can have our artists use this information when they're doing concerts. They can cut radio and TV spots. We can put information in every record album that's released. We can tag every ad. There's so much we can do.

"We can have a dramatic effect."

The implications of all this are wide-reaching indeed. An alliance between the government — any government — and the music business runs the risk of the administration using the communications lifeblood of the youth culture to disseminate its own "information".

Moreover Smith's whole schtick about "cleaning up the industry" is another corporate ploy.

The record companies are very, very keen to attract investment from Wall Street and other heavyweight financial sources, who up to now have been dubious about the reliability of the rockbiz as investment fodder.

Warner's, among other conglomerates, have been working on the problem. In a report directed at investors, they reassured the businessmen thus: *"Although people tend to think of the record industry as being cyclical, owing to its dependence on the success of individual artists or groups, Warners appear well insulated to this potential vulnerability because of the depth of its artist roster and the absence of a substantial dependence on any one artist or group."*

The whole concept of rock musicians working State Department tours is a can of worms. You only have to look at the situation in Latin America to see where that leads — to cultural imperialism: the restriction of the native culture in favour of the multi-national product dumped on captive markets.

State Department tours can also, of course, be a subtle way of opening the doors to the CIA, the Coca Cola company and all the other delights of corporate America.

How truly wonderful, man.

Dazza's a punk! Wot?

Are the Fizz-Pops going punk to capture the British market? Daryl Braithwaite had a punk outfit made for him while the band was in Sydney in January. The cost of this cheapo punk gear? $400.00.

That's right folks. Sydney's *Sunday* newspaper has finally caught up with the latest of punk fashions. Garbage bags and torn t-shirts are out they say. (Pity, Annie B. just ripped up the last RAM t-shirt). Today, you've got to pay to be outrageous. $75 for a punk skirt, $150 for a rubber diving suit, $5 for an eye-patch. Let's hear it for commercial bullshit.

Just so the punks of Dubbo won't feel out of it, we present "Make-up hints for fashionable punks."

"Use a very pale foundation tipped with translucent powder or white baby talcum powder. Make three dots on the eyelids with a soft, blunt black eye pencil and draw a thickish line under the lashes. Sharpen the pencil, then add thick lines at the corners and lots of black mascara." Simple huh. You too can look like last year's London trendy.

ABBA RISE... CRITICS FALL

***Abba — The Movie* is playing to packed cinemas in London's West End but the critics have given it the thumbs down.**

It's been described as being as "pure as freshly churned butter." So what's new? Business is business. (Abba, you might remember own one of Europe's biggest Primary Industry import and export firms).

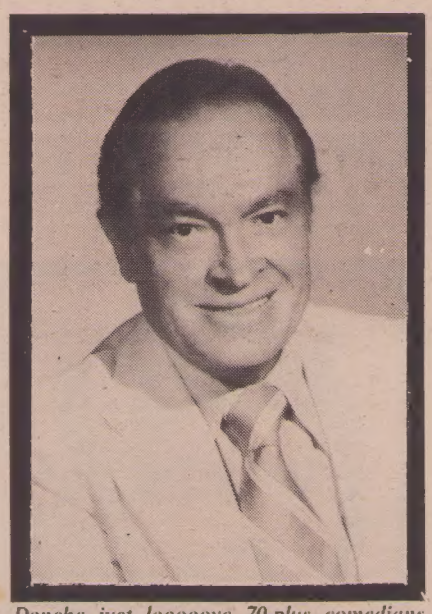
At a London press conference, Abba admitted that the movie, made in Australia last year, was a substitute for a tour in '78.

Meanwhile, the soundtrack has topped the British singles and album charts.

SHOW BUSINESS LEGENDS OF OUR FATHER'S TIME

BOB HOPE

Annie Burton



Doncha just looooove 70-plus comedians who give out pre-World War II press photos.

This weren't no *three months ago I was cleaning lavs* pop star. This was *Bob Hope.* When the video cameras were set up and the microphones placed like a bunch of metal petunias on the red plush dais, Mr. Hope chose to make his entrance. He did it very well, with the instinctive timing of nigh on half a century of entertaining, from a door at the back of the room so that the only possible reaction for the assembled cogs was to rise from their dinky plush chairs and applaud. His stride was purposeful, his remarkably firm facial flesh set to just the right degree of affable superiority.

Hope seated himself with all the ease of a society dame settling into the back of a Rolls Royce, folded his hands on the table in front of him and gazed benignly at the rows of chairs. The press had half expected him to totter into the room, supported by a cane, but this obviously hale and healthy specimen momentarily threw them. He was dressed casually but expensively, in knife pleat check trousers, blue open neck shirt and tan jacket. No egg stains on his chin, no wig, no Ronald Regan orange dye job or pathetic combing of hair wisps across a bald pate, not a hint of a tremor in his hands, legs or eyes. All steady as a rock. The press had expected to patronise; it was obvious, before he'd said a word, that you'd patronise Bob Hope at your peril.

"Good afternoon," he said; all the living legend stuff stonkered the assembly, most of whom were too young to have seen Hope anywhere but in old movies and the occasional TV Special. *Gee whiz, he really does sound like Bob Hope* — those firm, nasal tones were as familiar as the sound of Abba.

And the race was on. With Bing Crosby, Bob Hope is probably the most celebrated Celebrity Golfer there is. He said The Lakes golf course was among the finest in the world, they'd made him an honorary member, and if he hadn't been coming *"They'd send for me anyway, I'm such a pigeon."* A series of female radio, then television interviewers had their goes at him in turn. They all asked how he managed to look so much younger than his reputed age, and all got variations of the same answer — Somerset House in London, where Hope was born, are conducting a search for his birth certificate, because *"I had so much talent and wanted to perform so badly I lied about my age a lot."* To be fair, these answers were delivered in tones laden with the irony Hope's famous for; oddly enough, his mannerisms, cheek in hand, almost limp wristed gestures and intonation, were strongly reminiscent of Jack Benny rather than Bob Hope. Only thing was, the famous man seemed more than a little *deaf.* Question after question had to be repeated/shouted. Softer voiced reporters crept up to the dais where, presumably, Bob Hope could at least *lip-read* the questions. Someone asked about the Famous People he knew/had known.

Famous People he'd known, particularly politicians, meant Presidents to Hope. *"I've known every President since F.D.R."* he said, which led an interviewer to the obvious subject of Hope's feelings about Watergate and Nixon's subsequent demise. He became very much *Mr.* Hope at that point. Incredibly, he said *"I just thought he ran into an unfortunate situation",* and made it perfectly clear nothing further would be said on the subject. Sure, Bob Hope's to the far right of Right Wing, but *"unfortunate situation"?*

And so it went, from safe subject to safer subject, the proceedings enlivened only by a rather bulgey blonde from a Sydney radio station. Her blouse was of some pink, clingy stuff, with a pair of well trained nipples straining for freedom, and a transparent cheesecloth skirt revealing black trimmed knickers underneath. She wriggled and flirted and asked questions about naughty old Hollywood in the thirties. She gave him plenty of cues; how has his marriage managed to last so long (since 1934) surrounded by such depravity? (*Squirm, giggle*). Hope countered: *"It is possible. I said to my wife yesterday, I said 'Bruce . . .'"* Ho ho ho. And what were the best years of his life? *"Oh gee . . . that's a hard one. I've jammed so much pleasure and I've had so much excitement in my life, far more than I've deserved . . ."* And what about the time he was kissed by a camel while making *The Road To Morocco? "The darn beast spat in my eye, that's what it did." Spat,* not *kissed,* she gushed. "No, *spat."* That led on to recollections of Bing Crosby and how much fun they had making the *Road* pictures: *"There was so much ad lib going on; we used to steal each other's gags and tell them first, try to make each other break up, always surprising each other."* (Mr. Hope did admit, however, to relying on his "staff" for material. He just doesn't have time to write his own routines.)

Crosby's death stunned Hope, he said, as it stunned the world, but *"just to have known him was a blessing."* The blonde had her Big Question all ready and wasn't to be put off asking it. After much *Oh I know you won't answer this it's so daring of me* stuff, she finally got to it: Who was funnier, Bob Hope or Charlie Chaplin? There was a low moan from the rest of the press, but never fear, Bob Hope knows his sincerity chops real good. *"I wouldn't even dare say I was in his league,"* he said.

The blonde retired triumphantly; why the triumph, who knows? Someone else asked what had been the highlight of such a performance addicted life, but Mr. Hope was getting weary. "There's so many, I couldn't pick one," he said. "Anyway, it makes me sort of immodest to talk about them. Ask my press agent, she'll tell you." He was winding down, his voice getting softer, the Public Speaker poise still in place, but becoming a little irksome. "Any final questions?" the PR lady said as off-puttingly as possible. There weren't. Bob Hope left to play golf.

OFFICIAL

RAM LIVES IN A SLUM.

Andrew McMillan

In Glebe, RAM's home suburb, a project supposed to set an example for the rest of the world in the area of inner city rehabilitation has run into trouble.

Three years ago the Glebe Project was set up to restore seven hundred houses with Government money. The idea was to keep Glebe as a low-cost housing area so that residents wouldn't have to move into the outer suburbs.

Now, people are complaining that government budget cuts have meant that very little has been done to help them. The roofs are still leaking, $80,000 worth of new electrical wiring in terrace houses has been condemned by the local council and people are living in often dangerous shanty accommodation. Pensioners are without toilet facilities and local residents aren't too hopeful about the work being done in the near future.

A Whitlam government project, the rehabilitation project ground almost to a halt because of the present government's spending cuts.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO RADIO BIRDMAN?

Anthony O'Grady

After months of *yes-they're-going, no-they've-blown-it* speculation, Radio Birdman finally left for England in late February. The band's aim has always been to go overseas to gig, so on the face of it, it looks like Another Oz Band Leaves Oz To Discover The Big Wide World.

They also get to play with one of their favourite bands, the semi-legendary Flaming Groovies, on a whistle stop 23 gigs in 26 days tour of the Continent. Also lined up are a few London pub gigs and recording time in a Welsh studio for a new album. (Actually Rockfield Studios, home of Dave Edmunds, himself a semi-legendary rock personage).

Their first album *Radios Appear* (sold about 6,000 in Oz last year) will be released in America with several new songs and re-mixes. To satisfy Oz fans' hunger for Birdmanesque, the American album will also be released in Oz. Plus the band has a new single for Oz, *Aloha Steve,* a song all about the joys of watching *Hawaii 50.*

The Birdman themselves, after the Continental tour, scoot off to America for a month. After that the future of the band as a whole is highly unpredictable, although certain individual members have fixed commitments.

Sounds mysterious?

The truth is, no one, especially not the band can say for certain whether there *will be* a Radio Birdman after July '78. The truth is, two members of the band, guitarist and songwriter Deniz Tek and keyboards player Pip Hoyle are final year medical students. They have to be back in July to complete their courses at the University of NSW in Sydney.

Rob Younger aka The Masked Avenger demonstrates the Radio Birdman technique of hiding yourself while still being visible (pic Bob King).

This commitment to medicine has certainly applied the brakes to the band's progress over the past few years. It has created what drummer Ron Keeley calls a no-win situation for both the band *and* its fans.

The truth is, Birdman have always been a part-time band with full time ambitions. As singer Rob Younger has said; "I listen to bands on radio and stuff, and see bands in concert, and I really do think we're better than *any* of them."

And that's certainly the spirit Birdman takes on stage with them. It was no bullshit [illegible] of people into a writhing, screaming mess and not one person wouldn't leave without firmly believing they'd just partaken in something *so* special there was *no* equivalent anywhere in the world.

Sure, there were also many who considered Birdman a punk/junk noise machine chromed over with sinisteroso Gestapo overtones. But taking it as a whole, Birdman had the power to convert many more than they alienated and their firmest fans considered them not only the best band in Australia, but the best in the world.

Consider this for power: after just one album, negligible radio play, and a handful of gigs in Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide throughout '77, Birdman filled places in every category they were eligible for in the RAM '77 Rock Poll. And there were *thousands* of Rock Poll entries, covering every degree of musical taste and coming from everywhere in the country. Very obviously during their brief stints of gigging, Radio Birdman firmly converted a goodly percentage of the punters who saw 'em.

But for every such step forward, the band had to take a step backwards.

Obviously there were two separate forces at work within the group. Of course they wanted popularity because they thought they deserved it. But, at the same time, they had to fit their schedules around the curriculum at the University of NSW Medical School. A no-win situation indeed.

To compensate, the band developed a philosophy of "we don't want to become stars anyway, that's not what rock'n'roll is all about". As the pressures upon them to tour and promote their album inevitably increased, the philosophy hardened into a strict party line of, "this band can only play four times in the next three months, take it or leave it."

There was never any question of asking the medical students to choose between rock'n'roll and doctoring. For one thing, Deniz Tek wrote 99% of the band's material and was a founder member. For another, his was the strongest voice in formulating band policy.

And how do the rest of the band take all this? Well, in public they'd stick to the party line but there is no way it didn't create conflicts and stomach-churning. Singer Rob Younger, bassist Warwick Gilbert, drummer Ron Keeley and guitarist Chris Masuak were full time Birdmen forced to play part time roles. But they did it, and the trip overseas at least fulfills a major ambition for them, even though it's no pointer to a full time future.

They can possibly take some consolation in the fact Radio Birdman are almost certainly the *only* part-time band from Australia ever to score an overseas record release deal and overseas tour.

Or maybe this will just add to the anguish of what might have been possible.

If only the band was full time.

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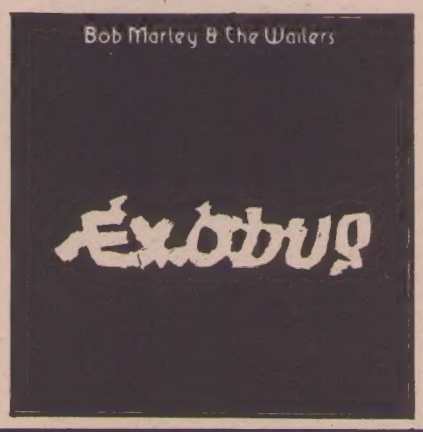

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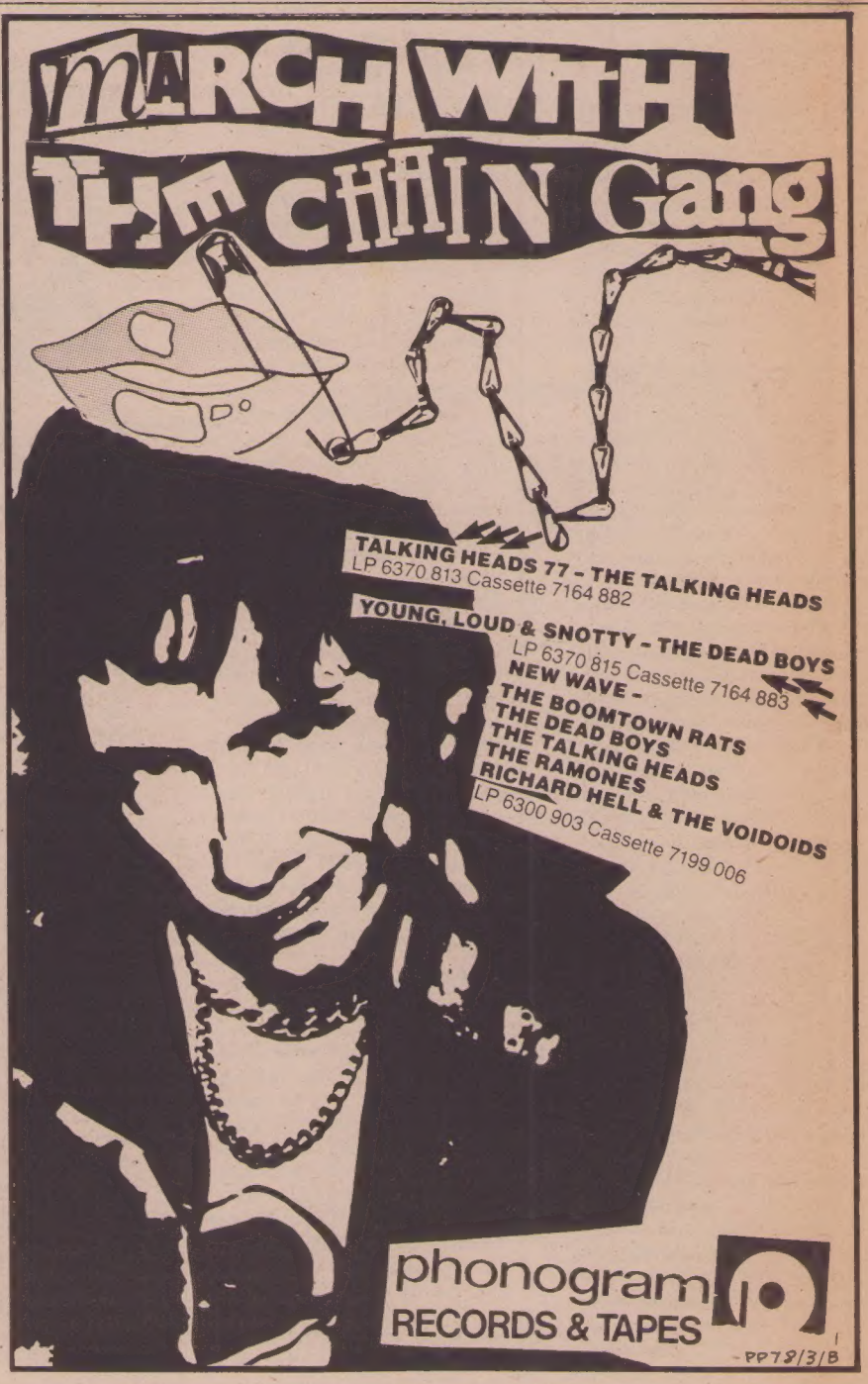
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THE PAVLOVIAN, CREAMY DELIGHTS OF BOZ

By: Annie Burton

Elegant Boz isn't what you'd call svelte exactly at the moment. He's rather chubby, especially around the face. It's an engaging, pleasant face though, sincere without being soft, intelligent, reflecting the quick mind behind it. He's of an average sort of height, certainly not short, but not tall either.

His eyes are green/hazel, his hair dark brown, and his skin a sunburned browny red, caused, he said, by sailing and snorkeling in Auckland.

The room chosen for the press bash was much too small, overcrowded to the point of having to mutter "s'cuse me" every time you moved a muscle. Boz presided at one end, hemmed in by cameras, tape recorders and notepads.

Even though the pack seemed to have done its homework, it still persisted with the *Overnight Success* line, a question he must have answered at least eight different times without throwing anything, not even a tantrum. "My 'success' is not a surprise *per se,*" he said patiently. "I don't *like* surprises. I've never thought of myself as a pop star — nothing in my career has happened overnight or suddenly. I've been at it quite a while and it'll take that long to get rid of me." He's been at it fifteen years or thereabouts — this guy plans to stick around. "I don't see my career as being a pop star because pop stars appear and disappear so rapidly. My medium leads naturally into other things, like film and television." No, he *didn't* expect instant stardom after *Silk Degrees* was released (it took about a year to really home in).

With *Silk Degrees* being so successful, did he feel pressured to top himself with the next album? "There were the obvious pressures, but none of them are *real* pressures, just sources of worry, dead end streets. A certain amount of that kind of tension creates the right sort of environment for working. I tried to take another step with *Down Two Then Left;* I think a little of that pressure's off now — the next album will be more fun, more relaxed than in a long time." He was asked to explain his album titles often, but he stuck to "I just liked them", and *"Down Two Then Left* means the opposite of *Silk Degrees."*

The last silly buggerism he had to field was a bald-faced request for him to review his own concert. The temptation to turn venomous was obviously severe. Boz muttered to himself in disbelief, then leaned forward, eyes glittering as he delivered an icy-voiced review. "The bass player was *cute,* the sound was *terrible,* uh, we couldn't see a *thing* . . ." Had Mr. Scaggs been reading the RAM report on forthcoming outdoor concerts, particularly the section devoted to himself? But unfortunately this potentially dangerous slip from graciousness didn't last; the charm reappeared. "No, I don't mean to be facetious," (like hell he didn't) "what you'll see in the concert is exactly what I want to project."

OK, what *is* he aiming to project? Well . . . it certainly wasn't raw rock excitement.

Scaggs was blessed with a fine, warm, starry night for his Sydney Showground gig, a light breeze to keep the crowd comfortable, and most importantly, *dry.* The scuttlebutt had it that at least half the punters had waited until the very day to buy their tickets, being unwilling to risk yet another expensive drenching. The elements chose to be completely co-operative, even providing a sunset streaked with all the lovely colours courtesy of big city pollution. Its rays were dying into darkness as Dragon hit the stage. The crowd, estimated at 39,000 strong, was all hyped up and ready to roar, and roar they did at the first boppy notes of *Blacktown Boogie.*

Boz does the double-chin shuffle over a hot lick at the Showground (pic Kathleen O'Brien).

The crowd sang and clapped all through Dragon's set, a zooming mini-rage of less than half an hour into which they managed to fit eight songs. At first it seemed they'd made a mistake by starting at such a high octane level, but they pushed it higher and higher with ease. They stuck to their most upbeat songs, the songs in their repertoire that roar and punch and growl, and it worked like a charm. The only deviation was *Sunshine,* but the crowd fell upon it as a chance to raise their voices louder than the band's. Robert Taylor was in excellent form, leaping into every available gap with guitar zooms and wails. The Dragon vocal harmonies were spot on. By their last song, *April Sun In Cuba,* Dragon had pranced and battered and pounded the crowd to its feet. They finished with a flourish and bounced off stage, leaving roars for more behind them — not a usual situation for any support band.

The stage changeover for the Main Event was very quick, the crowd only having enough time to get off a few *We Want Boz!* chants before his band took up their positions and started the intro to *Lowdown.* The sound was slightly awry at first, the brass overpowering everything with a nasty blare, but it was quickly rectified. And then the man himself strolled onto the stage dressed in his customary white outfit, a white spotlight cutting across the vivid pink and green stage lighting. He stepped up to the microphone centre stage and began to intone his own circular lyrics. For a few irrational moments things felt weird, as though it *wasn't* Boz Scaggs up there; it was someone else dressed like him, sounding like him, but really a clever imitation miming a Boz Scaggs impression. A Cybotron, perhaps. It must have been the distance; in the stands, I was about two hundred yards away from the stage. All through the concert, this peculiar notion kept reccurring. Boz Scaggs is a polished, professional performer, but he isn't endowed with much on stage passion, or even warmth; it takes a man of enormous personal presence to create any feeling of intimacy from so far away. Rod Stewart barely managed it, but he was aided by the huge Eidephore screen that afforded his audience close-up glimpses of the stage action.

Scaggs' stage conduct was continuously civilised. He didn't move about much, occasionally strolling around the stage front to sing next to the two faultless black lady backup singers, or tackling the electric piano on the top level of the split level stage.

His ten piece band of L.A.'s cream of the instrument for hire musicians played well, of course, sticking closely to the precedent set on *Silk Degrees* and *Down Two Then Left.* When they *did* play a bum note, it stuck out of the polish like a boil.

The biggest audience reaction was for songs with the most airplay in this country. A Chicago blues workout dedicated to B.B. King called *Runnin' Round Runnin' Blues,* featuring Scaggs own excellent, prowling blues guitar, was largely ignored.

The jolly, good time *Lido Shuffle* was, for the last song, a perfect choice; all 39,000 bawled their lungs out with the much-repeated chorus." *Lido . . . who-who-ohh-oh"* they yelled, neatly setting themselves up to roar for more when Scaggs left the stage. Of course he returned for several encores, until the crowd was happily roared out.

It was a perfectly slick, nigh on perfectly played concert that was somehow depressing. If you weren't in a state of mind for Pavlovian reactions, it was depressing to watch the huge crowd reacting to every cue. If it hadn't been for the superb stage lighting, they might as well have stayed home and played the records. That's what they *wanted* to hear, and any deviations from familiar material weren't appreciated. The aforementioned blues taste treat was far too good to be ignored, but it was.

The stage lighting was a series of great chunks of solid colour played off against each other; clean, clear, an almost sculptural delight to the eye; one colour would flood the lower half of the stage while a contrasting one seemed to solidify the top half. Lime green against vivid pink, deep sky blue against a deeper green, an unexpected wash of one colour over both sections. It was perfectly keyed to the music, and at times was a stronger mood indicator than what the band was playing. Definitely the most skilful stage lighting I've ever seen.

It's hard to say *why* the lingering impression Scaggs made was a cold one; I'm positive he's capable of warming a proper theatre. But could any of the roaring horde honestly say they wouldn't rather have seen the show in the crappy confines of the Hordern Pavilion? I doubt it. Listen, if you don't start getting Bolshie about these visiting rock tourists demanding their fans cram into lousy venues like the Sportsground, places that aren't even properly raked ampitheatres, it'll keep on happening. Rock fans get the treatment they let promoters get away with; it's up to you to insist on anything better.

A PILL FOR DIVORCE

Widespread use of the pill has been blamed for the current high rate of divorces throughout the Western world.

Says Professor Tom Hilgers, an American gynaecologist, artificial contraception has taken the meaning out of sexual relationships because people take intercourse for granted rather than something that's worth waiting for. Consequently, he says, relationships are becoming "plastic and unstable."

The good man says that all forms of artificial contraception will disappear within twenty years. Then, he says, relationships will improve and the divorce rate will fall.

And whole new waves of little sprogs will appear at regular nine month intervals.

Whatever happened to Tina Turner?

Cliff White

From beginning to end, Tina Turner's last Australian tour was evidence enough that her career has taken a dive since her divorce from Ike. Only in Australia and England is the lady able to fill concert venues. Back home in the States she's gotta work the clubs. So what's happening now?

Tina Turner does the double length jaw drop in London (pic Rennie Ellis).

"It's been like starting all over again. Once all the divorce proceedings were out of the way I hired a rehearsal studio in L.A. and went through this crazy time of auditioning musicians. I don't read or write music, so it was kind of difficult until I found my piano player Kenny Moore to help me. Now, we've got a good band: still the same eight guys I went back on the road with last February and brought to Australia in September,"

Now, the lady's got a new recording contract and is due in the studio to cut an album.

"As yet, nothing has been finally decided. I've spoken with several producers, but I haven't found one I'd be really comfortable working with. However," she says confidently, "I'm sure I'll have an album out by Winter."

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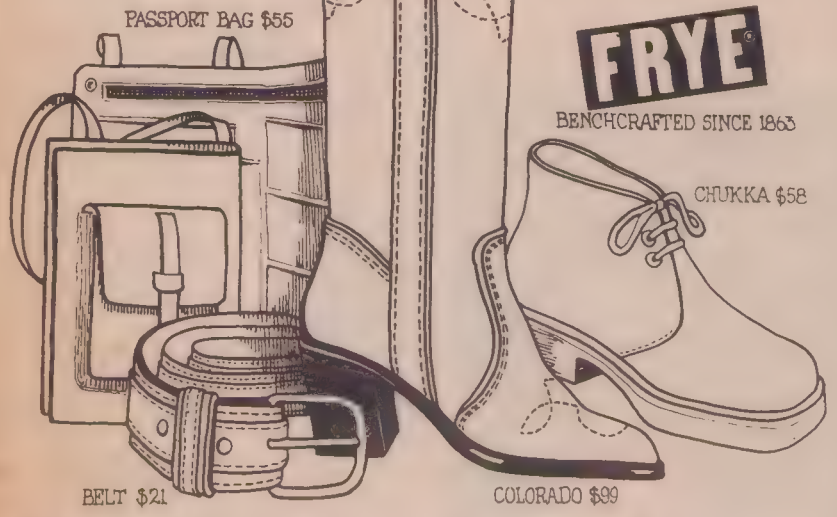

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KEEF EXPLAINS DRUG ETIQUETTE: NEVER TURN BLUE IN A STRANGER'S BATHROOM

By: Dick Tracy

Keith Richard, who is currently living in Westchester County, 60 minutes' ride from Manhattan whilst out on bail awaiting his trial in Toronto on charges of possession of heroin with intent to sell, was interviewed recently for *High Times* magazine, America's popular drug monthly. The magazine claims that Earl McGrath, president of Rolling Stones Records tried to persuade Keith not to talk, claiming that it could prejudice his case. Keith thought that was a bit soft.

The interview kicks off with writer Victor Bokris asking whether he had always felt it was his destiny to be a musician. Keef replies: "Well, when I used to pose in front of the mirror at 'ome, I was hopeful. The only thing I was lacking was a bit of bread to buy an instrument. But I got the moves off first, and I got the guitar later." Bedroom poseurs, take note.

Bokris wonders whether the Stones are likely to do a Rolling Thunder type tour. Yes, says Keef. "I think that's the way things have really gotta go. I can't see going around forever playing bigger and bigger baseball parks and superdromes."

The inevitable question is asked: can the Stones keep going for another 15 years? "Oh yeah. I hope so. There's no way to tell. We know a lot of the old black boys, the old blues players, and as far as we're concerned they're virtually playing the same thing. They kept going till the day they dropped.

"There's no denying that there's a high fatality rate in rock 'n' roll. Up until the middle '60s the most obvious method of rock 'n' roll death was chartered planes. Since then drugs have taken their toll, but all the people that I've known that have died from so-called drug overdoses have all been people that've had some fairly serious physical weakness somewhere."

Keef states his attitude to drugs quite openly: "I think that, personally, it's purely a matter of the person concerned. I mean, it's like a good blow job. You know, in some States that's still illegal. It's just a matter of how far people are prepared to put up with so-called authorities prying into their lives. If they really don't want to accept it, then they'll do something about it, because there'll be no way they can enforce it."

Richard's attention is drawn to William Burroughs' statement in *Junky:* "I think I am in better health now as a result of using junk at intervals than I would have been if I had never been an addict."

"Yeah, I agree with that. Actually I once took that apomorphine cure that Burroughs swears by. Dr. Dent was dead, but his assistant, whom he trained, this lovely old dear called Smitty, who's like a mother hen, still runs the clinic. I had her down to my place for five days, and she just sort of comes in and says, *'Here's your shot, dear, there's a good boy,'* or *'You've been a naughty boy, you've taken something, yes you have, I can tell.'*

"But it's a pretty medieval cure. You just vomit all the time."

Had Richard ever been in a dangerous situation with drugs?

"No. I don't know if I've been extremely lucky or if it's that subconscious regulatory thing I've gotten, because I'm extremely careful, but I've never turned blue in somebody else's bathroom. I consider that the height of bad manners. I've 'ad so many people do it to me and it's really not on, as far as drug etiquette goes, to turn blue in somebody else's john."

Keef is obviously confident about what lies ahead.

"I feel very hopeful about the future. I find it all very enjoyable, with a few peak surprises thrown in. Even being busted . . . it's no pleasure, but it certainly isn't boring. And I think boring is the worst thing of all, you know, anything but boring.

"At least it keeps you active."

"'Scuse me a sec . . . I just 'ave ter pop into the loo for a while . . . " (pic Michael Putland(LFI).

HERE'S ONE MOVIE THAT WON'T BOMB OUT

By: Clark Kent.

If you're worried about the possibility of the wrong people getting their hands on an atomic bomb — read no further.

Sitting On A Mushroom is an upcoming CBS TV-movie based on the true story of John Aristotle Phillips, a student at Princeton University who made the headlines in 1976 after he designed his own atomic bomb using information he photocopied at the offices of the Federal Energy Administration.

Producer Mark Carliner recently talked to Richard Hack(!) of the *Hollywood Reporter* about this unusual guy.

"Here we have a kid who is flunking out of Princeton. He's on suspension because he's so involved in extracurricular activities. And he sets out to design an atomic bomb. And then, not only does he *do* it, but after he does it, the Pakistan government and the SLA try to steal the plans. And this real-ly happened — *in New Jersey!*"

The story, of course, concerns this boy, who is essentially a novice, and what happens to him when he is jettisoned into the limelight. Girls are chasing him around campus. And, of course, the perils of the Pakistanis and the SLA.

"What is really frightening is that this kid was able to go to Washington and walk into the Atomic Energy Commission and copy the plans to the Los Alamos project, with certain passages deleted. These plans are public documents! Included were floor plans of every nuclear installation in this country, right down to where the plutonium is stored and how it is guarded.

"John's point is that a terrorist group could easily get hold of an atomic bomb, fit it to the top of an automobile and blow up Manhattan. It's a very bizarre story with comic overtones."

Carliner's footnote to this story is even stranger.

"When he was designing his bomb, John couldn't figure out what kind of explosives were used to detonate the implosion that's necessary for the reaction. At Hiroshima and Nagasaki, they used TNT, which is now considered Stone Age. So he called up DuPont and spoke to a chemist, explaining that he was doing this paper on the design of an atomic bomb — and for the price of a phone call, this chemist told him the name of the explosive that DuPont was supplying to the US Government. And then he had it all."

Not surprisingly, perhaps, John Aristotle Phillips would not sell the film rights unless he could play himself. This *Rocky*-style ploy paid off. As Carliner puts it: "You don't fool around with an atomic bomb designer. The guy is a genius."

THE ROCK STARS WHO'D RATHER SCORE A GOAL THAN COKE

By: Dick Tracy

Sport is now as much a part of the entertainment industry as rock, so it should come as no great surprise to learn that certain members of the music business have been investing heavily in the up-and-coming North American Soccer League. It's already been noted in passing elsewhere, so we figured we ought to look into this recent tie-up a bit more closely.

A syndicate of twenty investors have recently bought the Philadelphia soccer franchise, the 22nd to be sold and the third owned by the music business. Members of the syndicate include Mick Jagger and Rolling Stones manager Peter Rudge, Peter Frampton with managers Dee and Bill Anthony, Rick Wakeman and manager Brian Lane, and Paul Simon with his manager Michael Tannen. Also in the group are music mogul Bill Graham, A&M chairman Jerry Moss, and Terry Ellis and Chris Wright, owners of Chrysalis Records.

Brian Lane tells about how it came into being.

"Four years ago when I was in the States on tour with Yes," Lane told us, "I turned the TV on expecting to see football or baseball and there was a soccer match instead. It was Seattle vs Portland and they had a crowd of 40,000 people."

This set Lane thinking about the whole question of the future of football in America. It was obvious that once the USA got its teeth into any new sport it immediately became extremely promotion-orientated and inevitably successful.

Besides being a keen football fan, Lane was also already involved in the game as a businessman. He had put money into a company run by Ken Adam, who acted as an agent/manager figure for such top footballers as George Best, Rodney Marsh, Gerry Francis and Mick Channon.

By 1977, however, Lane had come round to thinking that he would like to *own* a football team.

Football he claims is "the ultimate in punk entertainment". He believes that the traditional US sports have become too redneck orientated, and are too expensive, and he believes young people will relate much more to soccer.

One of the promotional devices they're using to hype the Philadelphia Furies shows a 7'6" basketball player on one side, a 6'6" 300lb football player on the other, and a relatively normal looking soccer player in the middle. The caption tells you: "You don't have to be 5'9" and weigh 11 stone . . . but it helps." As Lane put it, "Soccer is the only competitive sport that you don't have to be a physical freak to make it in."

The Stars of the NAS League are New York's Cosmos team and they're owned by Warner Communications Inc, the giant parent company which also owns extensive film and music interests. Their President, Ahmet Ertegun, who also runs Atlantic Records, obviously believes there's big money in the game. The recently retired Pele signed up with Cosmos in June 1975 for a cool $4.75 million, thus bestowing instant respectability on North American football in general and attracting other international stars like Franz Beckenbauer and George Best to play there. Before Pele signed, Cosmos attendances were around 6-8,000 people. Now gates reach as high as 77,000 and it's growing rapidly.

The third of the music business investors is Chicago's manager-producer James Guercio, who owns the Caribous franchise in Colorado. No doubt more will follow.

Cosmos recently signed Yugoslav midfield star Vladislav Bogicevic, who boasted: "I think the Cosmos will be the best team in the world in about two years and will be able to beat even the World Cup champions."

The marriage between soccer and showbusiness is however only one aspect of a much larger picture — the growing commercialisation of sport.

American TV networks recently paid a quarter of a billion dollars for four years' worth of pro football, confirming the huge attraction of live TV sport.

American cinema has already given us *Rocky,* and there are numerous other sporting films set to follow, including Robert de Niro as a boxer in *The Raging Bull.* Roger Corman, a man with a keen eye for trends, recently teamed up with *Sports Illustrated* magazine to develop a series of sport-themed movies.

Skateboarding has already in its short life become saturated by commercial interests and sponsorships. Leading American skateboard promoter Don E. Branker claims skateboarding is not a fad. "It is solidly entrenched now — like surfboarding. Many companies have gone into the building of skateboards, costumes and accessories — and they are all making money. It has become an international sport."

As if to underline the links that exist between '70s style sport and other entertainment, Branker says: "There is a trick to skateboard promotion, but I won't tell anybody what. It is something akin to promoting rock and roll concerts."

TALES FROM THE ARCHIVES:

THE MAN WHO GOT ZAPPED BY DYLAN

What is the "Dylan Experience" and does it matter anymore? Anthony O'Grady pumps a strange character called Adrian Rawlins for answers. Who's Adrian Rawlins? Ah, read on . . . . .

Of all the artists in contemporary music it's undeniable that this one man, Bob Dylan, has had a more profound effect on more people than any other artist. Only David Bowie comes close to the sort of totally engulfing mindwave Dylan caused.

When the Beatles were still the Fab Four and the Rolling Stones were still playing the Crawdaddy Club, Dylan was writing lyrics that went way beyond the usual slogans of rock'n'roll. Stuff that actually meant something beyond *I love you/you love me/he's stealing you away/I don't love you anymore.*

Dylan didn't question the power of parents to take away the keys to your *Little Deuce Coupe*, his songs were seared with hatred for the greed, smugness and stupidity of 20th Century Western Civilization. He introduced the concept of Blaming The System into mainstream rock.

His early songs railed against wars, ghettoes, world politics. The heroes and villains in Time magazine weren't *his* heroes and villains. You just knew he despised the middle-class ethic of wanting three cars and two colour tvs for every family.

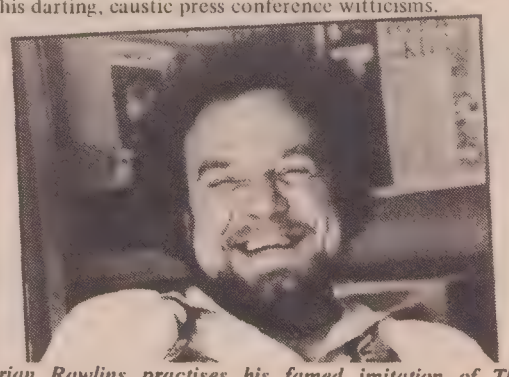
The important thing is though, Dylan *got hits* with his tracts, and that was the mindfuck. Suddenly you could peddle politics, philosophies and social profundities and not only were the kids buying it, they were listening to the *words.* Not only that, but the thoughts *behind* the words were taking hold. The kids were *believing* and acting out the songs.

Always before, rock had been about what happened anyway – boys meeting, losing and loving girls mostly. Now suddenly rock could be about what should and should not be happening to *the world.* And just as suddenly Dylan was the seer, the messiah of teenagers come to free us all from banality.

When I was at school I knew people so affected by him, they spoke in *nothing else but* Dylan lines. They considered he'd said it all so perfectly, his songs contained answers for *any* known situation. And if they came up against something that couldn't be solved with a Dylan quote, why then his next album would have the answer to *that.*

And that was just the peak of his general effect. When it got down to person to person communication he could create salvation or wreak destruction. His mind power was believed to be that strong.

Consider for instance the scene in the *Don't Look Back* film where he takes apart an ingenuous college reporter foolish enough to challenge him. Or his effortless put down of Donovan in the pass-the-guitar, folk gathering scene. Or his darting, caustic press conference witticisms.



Adrian Rawlins practises his famed imitation of The Laughing Gnome, while above, a young Dylan practises the sneer that put cold chills down the spine of The System.

Yes, between '63 and late '66 Dylan was the bombshell of the generation. Even these days, for everyone who considers him a Boring Old Fart, there's another who maintains belief in the legend.

In late '66 of course he suffered a motorcycle crash and came back a year later much changed. If he had been secretive before, suddenly he was as communicative as a Trappist. His work didn't relate to anything he'd done before, suddenly he was writing jogging ditties and singing *Country Pie.*

Really it's only been the past four years he's seemed to relate back to the epoch making Dylan of '63-'66. The searingly emotive *Blood On The Tracks* and the hothouse, intertwining sultry rhythms of *Desire* seemed to signal a return to the energy and passion.

The Rolling Thunder Revue experiment (before it was revealed the whole thing was set up to finance and provide locations and a cast for Dylan's *Renaldo and Clara* movie) also proved he once again wanted, perhaps *needed,* to go out and affect people.

And now there's his world tour . . .

And because it's Dylan, the audience will be expecting a whole lot more than say, The Beach Boys or Boz Scaggs. Most will be expecting the difference between entertainment and *an experience.*

And it's the Dylan experience we're interested in tracking down here.

As it turns out there is at least one person in Oz with a full, flowing and first hand account of experiencing Dylan. He is Adrian Rawlins who undeniably for a brief time was part of Dylan's life and a person upon whom Dylan himself had a momentous, almost cataclysmic effect.

First though let's establish Rawlins' credentials. That he communicated with Dylan on a more than superficial level is established by several references in Anthony Scaduto's exhaustive and often caustic Dylan biog. There on page 236 (Abacus paperback edition) it says: *"Rawlins . . . was the only person Dylan had gotten close to in Australia . . ."*

And then again on page 239: *"other people felt Dylan was a Christ, sacrificing himself. Adrian Rawlins came to that conclusion . . ."* Rawlins by the way will dispute that last statement as being totally misrepresentative.

He says it's out of context from a long rave he had with Dylan about Bob's songs being "about the second coming."

And now, some more fill in on Rawlins. He was one of the first counter-cultural figures in Oz. One of the first to drop out from a secure job (as a journalist) and pursue a nomadic mindlife.

He is inextricably connected with the Australian blues, poetry, folk and rock scenes. He compered for instance the massive Deep Purple/Free concerts in the early '70's and also the first outdoor Oz Festival at Ourimbah. He gained entree into the Stones circle on their first Australian tour and spent hours in the limelight discussing rhythm and blues roots with a delighted Mick Jagger.

He even crops up on a Black Sabbath record; the laugh at the start of the Sabbaff grinder *Am I Going Insane (Radio)* from the *Sabotage* album is Rawlins. He compered the Australian Pink Floyd concerts and has also worked with Cleo Laine and John Dankworth.

He's been called a fake, a crazy and the oldest hippie in Oz-land. Others say he's wise and benign. These days he's round and chubby and his big aquiline face and scraggly hair gives him the appearance of a fat, shorter Ian Anderson.

He has no visible means of support and hasn't had for most of the past decade. But he ligs on regardless. Definitely he's an alive person. Most important to this story he was deeply and personally touched by his brief time with Dylan.

And that's what we're really talking about here – the power of Dylan to work profound changes in the people he comes into contact with.

Face it, if you're going to see Dylan you're expecting him to move your soul, not your feet.

The question is, does Dylan still have the sort of power Rawlins now describes:

"I really should start at the beginning, which was an article I wrote on a dancer in Melbourne who choreographed *Blowing In The Wind.* The article referred to Dylan as the William Blake of the 20th Century and about ten years later someone from Rolling Stone in America came up with the same phrase. I showed my article to Paul from Peter Paul and Mary when they were in Australia in '64, and we were probably more emotional in those days than is cool to be now. Paul grabbed me by the arm and embraced me and said *'Keep up the good work brother'.*

"Then, in '65, at a very stoned evening with some Melbourne blues players I was inspired with a poem about Dylan that was subsequently printed in *The Age* just before Dylan arrived in Australia.

"At the press conference I tried to talk to Dylan but he was warding off some rather vulgar questions from the TV people. So I sat down next to a guy who turned out to be Robbie Robertson. I eventually gave my article to Dylan's manager Albert Grossman who said he'd show it to Bobbie as soon as the press conference crap was over.

"The next day I telephoned the hotel and spoke to Robbie Robertson. 'Did you really write that stuff?' he said. 'Oh . . . er, yeah' I said, because we were all a bit paranoid about everything in those days. 'Well', said Robbie, 'we *all* read it and let me tell you we never expected to see anything like that in *Australia*'.

"At the same time the tour promoters were telling Dylan and The Band not to have anything to do with me because they said I was a dangerous drug addict and they must beware.

"But Robbie invited me around to lunch and then Dylan came down from his suite looking very tense. He said he wanted to drive around Melbourne and look at the slums. I took them to Fitzroy and Dylan just laughed. He said, 'This looks just like the place *we* live in in New York'.

"The first concert was on a Tuesday night. The first half was Bob alone and then when he came back for the second half with The Band about a fifth of the audience stood up, waved placards, screamed he was a traitor to folk and walked out.

"A lot of the material was from *Blonde On Blonde* which hadn't been released then, but I remember catching some of the images from *Gates Of Eden* which impressed me profoundly. Most of the concert actually *was* over-amplified, the sound was bouncing off the walls and the mix was awful.

"After the concert I met Bill Avis, the tour manager, at a disco. He was at a table filled with 16 year old girls and finally we all ended up back at Bill's hotel room where a guy was rolling huge hash joints. About an hour later Bob Dylan came into the room. His entrances at that time were very choreographed, athletic events. He danced everywhere and couldn't keep still; head moving, feet shuffling.

"Amazingly, he said he and Robbie Robertson had been driving around Melbourne looking for me. *'Where have you been you cunt'*, he said *'come up and talk'.* Then he twirled around and said *'you, you, you and you can come too'.* It was very much a power situation, whoever Dylan chose felt honoured. The people he didn't choose were downcast but still very overawed.

"We went up to his suite, ordered cokes and pots of tea and sat there talking from 2.00am till about 7.30 the next morning.

"And suddenly, you know, it developed into a totally consuming rave between Dylan and myself . . . so much so that it was as if we were talking a private language and the others were left sitting around, mouths open occasionally saying *'Oh wow! man'*. People who were in that room have come up to me ten years later and talked about that night as something magical."

A little independent checking establishes Rawlins *is* sticking to the straight path of truth about all this.

"They were locked into some private world," says one observer. *"Nobody could keep up with them. After a while nobody could even keep up listening, the whole thing was* **that** *intense."*

"Of course", the independent observer continues with a flash of claws, *"Adrian was really laying on the bullshit. He was flattering Dylan every opportunity. But then, everyone around Dylan always was."*

"I could tell you odd things Dylan said," continues Rawlins, "but the important thing was being there with him. Communicating with him turned me onto myself more than I'd ever been before.

"For instance in the *Rolling Stone*/Cott interview Dylan talked about there being no past and no future to his world and that night in Melbourne twelve years ago he told me *'I don't live here man, I live in the real world and let this thing flow past.'*

"Now some people would say that's just pretentious bullshit but it's also very true. Because Dylan and I got to that level together . . . I'd have to say it was the sixth plane. He lives entirely in the realm of ideas and archetypes and that's what we talked about.

"He told me a lot about his college experiments and his childhood experiments in living. I got the feeling that he had, from the age of 8 or 9, striven to understand every nuance of human feeling so he could empathise with *everyone* . . . gaining an intuitive relationship with people so that even on first meeting he could turn a person more fully onto themself, or conversely, rip open the underlying conflicts so forcefully they would metaphorically bleed to death all over the carpet.

"What Dylan is about, and this I believe has always been his power, is that sort of empathy and intuition on the metaphysical side. He's not stating it as a formula like a guru does, not saying *'this is the way'*, but he and his songs manifest it.

"That's why I told him I considered him the greatest poet of the 20th century. Because he did it in the market place and not some dusty backroom and he used the *full extent* of his poetic gifts, he didn't compromise to a mass market.

"He was very humble when I said that and took out the piece I'd written for *The Age*, it was crumpled and tattered, it had been passed through so many hands. He looked at it and said 'Do you realise man, this is the first thing that's been written about me. How could you see me this clearly in Australia'.

"Now that sounded ridiculous because Dylan got so much press coverage in those days, and still does. But nevertheless it was true. Just about everything written about Dylan in those days was about the folk/rock thing. Was he folk? Was he fake? Was he rock'n'roll? What did it all *mean?*

Dylan in Oz in '66, perhaps wondering the hell whether the whole thing would Do The Boomerang a decade later. Guess what Bob . . . .

"Dylan's Jewishness was also in question in those days. When Josh White had come out with Judy Collins the year before, he'd told me this about Dylan: *'It's wrong when a Jew pretends he isn't'*.

"All Dylan said to me was *'Aw man, Zimmerman wasn't my father'*. His fantasy at the time was that his mother was a Red Indian named Dillon. But that was all right, everyone has the right to change their own reality and I told him that. He grabbed me by the arm and said 'Alan Ginsberg and you are the only people who understand me'."

Rawlins goes on to say they were smoking hash that night, smoked from a piece of silver foil placed over a glass of water. It got everyone incredibly high. But on that Australian tour and indeed for a good part of his career, rumours have persisted that Dylan was into more dangerous drugs such as heroin.

"Uh well," says Rawlins, "he impressed me as being in a very high space quite naturally. He implied at the time that he did not touch heroin but in fact used apomorphine on doctor's prescription. He also told me personal things about himself that I already knew from his records. For instance the first time I heard him sing *House Of The Rising Sun*, I knew he'd been a [redacted] in New York."

Whaaaaaaa?

"Oh yes," says Rawlins, "if you were [redacted] in New York in 1960 there was no other way to make some money. [redacted] There was no other way to get the bread.

"In a letter he wrote me after his English tour later that year he said 'If you'd met me four years ago you could have *[redacted]

"He picked up his guitar and sang *Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands* which, in the context, was just so fuckin' cosmic. He said *'Whadda ya think of that'* and I said, *'It's a hymn of salvation . . . it relates to man's primal fear of being born'*. Dylan liked that, he half-remembered it the next day. In a letter he later sent me, he said *'You speak out of context when you speak of my doings, which is good'*.

"I wrote back, *'Nothing you do is out of context'*.

"When Dylan came, most of what we knew about him was the Huck Finn/New York Folk Poet legend which was bullshit, but very good bullshit because it created interest. All good art has to create interest . . . must have some degree of mystification about it. To my mind everything about Dylan is valid and you can no more blame Dylan for changing styles and themes throughout his career anymore than you can blame Picasso for his different art periods.

"He did tell me that what he had done in that first folk period was half fake. He told me how he wrote those songs – he'd read the papers and check what was going down in the world, get his images right and write it down.

"But even when you know this, you only know what *form* he was using. The energy and emotion of those first three albums is just amazing, just as amazing as the rock energy and loud volume he later used, and as valid as what he's doing now. I have never heard a Dylan album that wasn't a total delight.

"In the Cott interview," continues Rawlins, "you might have read Dylan referring to *Om Klsoum* as his favourite singer. When Mick Jagger came here in 1969, he had tapes of Om Klsoum as well. Dylan has always been au fait with Eastern poets and music. In *Desolation Row* he talks about *'behind the curtain the banquet's getting ready'* and this image is directly from Persian poetry. We discussed Persian *mystics/Meher Baba/Krishna and Om Klsoum.*

"Om Klsoum lived in Cairo most of her life. She was 83 when she died and she was singing until she was 82. Once a year she'd give a concert in Paris and it was always packed, the audience always adulated her, and when she died 250,000 people packed the streets for her funeral. She was a fat old lady who smoked a lot of hash and so did her audiences. And she sang right from the heart, *entirely* from the heart. She would sing a phrase in such a way the audience would scream, *'Sing it again'*. So she would. She might sing the same phrase four times before the reaction would fade. Then she'd sing a different phrase. It was almost like Indian music, but it crossed boundaries because of her profound quality of heart.

"And Dylan, he was always trying to get people to wake up to what music *really* was . . . that it's a heart thing, not a matter of technique per se."

Does it worry Rawlins that *this* time when Dylan comes out, he'll be doing sportsgrounds and huge auditoriums, in contrast to the small theatres of last time?

"Well it's going to be a huge tour, no way it's not going to be huge. And you must consider the importance of making a profit. The last Dylan tour lost maybe over $60,000. In fact most rock tours in those days were losing money. The Animals lost a fortune. So finally the promoters said 'That's it, no more'. And there wasn't another major tour to Australia until Deep Purple in 1971.

"I'm funny about money, I've got none myself but if Dylan has a commodity to sell, he has the right to charge what other people charge.

"Rock'n'roll is such a business these days, it's bigger than the Golden Years Of Hollywood. And Dylan realises this. And can work within the format. That's why he has an audience of millions and others have fan clubs of a few hundred."

* *Due to the present state of the libel laws, RAM's legal advisors have urged certain words be struck out, on the grounds they could be considered libellous.*

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THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN REPORT ON GROUPIES

Compiled By: Annie Burton/Anthony O'Grady

PART TWO

MALE GROUPIES

Then of course there's the story of a young girl, hot to the point of despair to screw a world famous drummer from a legendary rock group. But reaching the object of her affection wasn't easy. The backstage guards wanted head, three roadies wanted a combo-squelch, the road manager wanted a quickie. When she finally got to the drummer, he flouted a limp wrist and asked if she had a younger brother.

Yes Bruce, there *are* homosexual ploys and players in rock'n'roll.

Traditionally, the homosexual vampires of rock are in the higher management booking and production fields. You wanna be a star boy, come to dinner at my discreet little house and we'll talk about it. Heh, heh.

The early rock years in England (from '56 to '61) were, by reputation, dominated by lip-smacking gentlemen extracting bodily favours from hopeful young rockers.

But in these modern times, the camp section of rock quite often boldly labels itself as such—hi Elton!

Down in audience land though, there are always young boys so much in awe of their fave god-guitarist, bass player, whatever, they'll do *anything* to get to meet them. These audience groupies may or may not be camp per se. Often they'll treat their experience with a star or a star's manager as something near mystical, not to be spoken about unless the memory becomes tarnished. Female singers also attract an audience of gay young things. Traditionally they flock to the bold brassy types. Judy Garland for instance had all the qualities necessary to attract a camp army—a history of emotional drama and trauma, and the resilient strength to make comeback after comeback. Sadly in her twilight years it was more a case of the audience baying for blood and an on-stage collapse. Same thing with Marlene Dietrich.

But Bette Midler has the brassy strength to subdue a whole theatre of young male darlings and in Australia Marcia Hines enjoys a reputation of being a Big Black Mumma amongst a theatrically inclinated camp audience.

Then there are camp dances and bars, places where males can get all sweaty over the music and the musicians, and dance with each other. It's not uncommon for a band playing such dates to find their dressing room warm with lisping young things offering a better time than any *woman* could give. Some members of most bands with a camp following have shrugged and thought 'Why not try it at least once'. Or twice.

The advent of Glitter Rock was the homosexual groupies' biggest boon, and its demise, while not changing anything very much, at least reduced the opportunities for swishing around in public in lipstick and sequins.

But wait . . . punk fashions are ideal late '70's dress up . . . even though the truth of the matter is, Australia's Ocker tradition has always ensured the main sexual preoccupation of Oz rock is at least *overtly* heterosexual.

DRUG GROUPIES

Rock musicians are just as likely to use drugs as anybody else. The difference is, they usually find it a lot easier to obtain drugs than anybody else, through the strange, sexual yet not sexual medium of **drug groupies.** It's a sort of mental sex — power. How difficult must it be for Keith Richard to stop using heroin when every two cent junkie in the narcotic world wants to boast: *I gave some of my shit to Keith Richard (man), and he dug it* . . . There are still a few old junkies alive today in this country who boast of shooting up with Bob Dylan during his last stumbling, mumbling tour here. Even if it's *not* true, they're still boasting about it.

Rock bands don't have to be big international outfits to attract dope groupies. The spectrum is wide; it covers both the eager amateur groupie with a bit of grass and a few mandies, and the male mind-groupie who deals in kilos of heroin.

He likes to get a good band on the way up stoned out of their minds *for free man, 'cause I dig your playing, y'know?* Some of the more clear headed members will see exactly what sort of an anchor a habit can be, dragging the band to the bottom: *the drummer's coming down, he's too sick to play.*

Heroin is a circular trap that could have been made to order for the sort of eager young egotists who become rock musicians; they're smart, right? *They* won't get a habit. But it's a rare person who can truthfully say that heroin doesn't feel good; if there's a man or a woman with a supply close at hand, and the smart young musician likes to *keep on* feeling no pain, he's not going to show him or her the door. And around and around it goes until the dope groupie has the power he or she finds so enjoyable — *here's this really famous guy who can't play a note unless* **I** *provide the dope for him to stand up without puking or shitting himself. What's even better is that very famous person is now my* **customer;** *when he's making good money he's making it for* **me.** And then the dealer tells all his or her other customers what good quality wares he sells, because *X* of *The Ys* gets all his stuff from **him.**

Sound melodramatic? I've seen it happen, and not only once. I've wandered through a sunny Sunday afternoon market in the company of a nameless but famous rock musician and watched him being approached by two different dealers, one a seventeen year old lout, the other an expensively dressed, well spoken man in his mid-twenties with a stylish, equally expensive and equally stoned-to-the-eyeballs girl on his arm; both men were heroin dealers, both wanted to get him stoned on *this great shit, man.* Because

he was an interview subject, he turned them down; but I got the distinct feeling if it hadn't been for my presence; he wouldn't have. Three months later, he overdosed on free heroin in the three star hotel room the mid-twenties man was inhabiting in another city. The generous dope groupie ran away; a peripheral girl groupie who'd hung around the musician with sex in mind got him to hospital in time, but only just.

The narcotics groupie is the worst kind of dope groupie. He's enmeshed in the bullshit power structure of narcotics addiction. The heroin clan are convinced the drug gives them glamour, danger, *heaviness.* The narcotics groupie, and his or her own attendant groupies who hang around, do the chores, act as mules (couriers) between cities and attend to business the boss considers below him. But the ranking is purely imaginary; when the day there's no dope , they're all the same – sick, snivelling wrecks. Heroin may give that confident oblivion so soothing to stage fright, but ultimately it will cost the musician more than mere money. He'll pay in self-respect, ability, and his career – no record company wants a contract with a junkie who may be inconsiderate enough to *die* on them.

Yeah, narcotics is the worst. But name any drug and just about any band will have members who'll take the groupie who has the dope. Marijuana, speed, acid (although in the soporific seventies, LSD has become something of a dilettante's drug) downers of all sorts, particularly mandies, are all welcome. It just depends on who has the most desirable drug that night. Good cocaine is such a rarity, a groupie who has some will gain unswerving attention from a band who normally wouldn't let her buy them a drink.

Of course, there are a number of bands whose only vice is alcohol. Hush, for instance, used to be called The New Breed in Melbourne because as far as drugs were concerned, they were clean-living lads. As such, they were something of a rarity. Carlos Santana used to be right in the thick of the San Francisco Haight-Ashbury free love and dope scene, but was set on the straight and narrow by his guru Sri Chinmoy. He still plays good. The Beatles announced they'd given up drugs when they went to India with the Maharishi, but later they confessed to sneaking a smoke like schoolboys behind the toilet block.

In his Mick Jagger book Anthony Scudato relates how the Stones visited Los Angeles in '72 and scored a whole hotel room full of free drugs, such was competition between local dealers to score the Stones.

As long as Drugs For Pleasure remain a part of society, the phenomenon will stay inextricably linked with musicians. And not only rock bands. (There's a guitarist in the resident band of one of those pesky *Tonight* style shows whose guitar case has a *very* interesting assortment of compartments). People get out of it to listen to rock bands; rock bands get out of it to play for the people; groupies offer free drugs, along with other services; nobody who likes drugs turns down a free offer. OK all you Philosophy I students out there, what does that mean? Yeah, ten points – *drug groupies.* Whether it's a girl whose been helping herself to *Mother's Little Helpers,* or the bronzed surfer at the coastal gig offering *One Toke Over The Line,* the gabbling *Amphetamine Annie,* the lurching unfocused *Head Banger* or the suave, icy cool *Sister Morphine* with pinpoint pupils, they're always going to be around. And hey guys, you don't even have to *fuck* them.

SQUELCHES

At the very bottom of the groupie scale, there's the **squelches.** Otherwise known as dogs, animals, beasts or holes. I have even heard them referred to as budgies. Some strung out, bored musicians not wanted for a two hour take thought that getting some budgies up would be a good idea; the producer didn't. Whatever they're called, they're brainless, prideless, impossible to embarass because they haven't enough self respect to care *who* sees them with a bottle in the vagina (likely to cause peritonitis). They're females who'll let **anybody** do **anything** to them, as long as the doer is someone *associated* with a rock band.

They are stupid, loathsome and pathetic, and bands use them as they'd use a toilet. Got a fantasy you want to fulfil? A perverted act of degradation no other female would regard as anything but criminal assault? The squelch will be in it. She won't object, either, even if she's injured in the process. The more intelligent objects of her attention say she's into masochism, *man,* and they know that by degrading her, no matter how much she wants to be degraded, they're degrading themselves. But the not-so-intelligent ones couldn't care less, not until they discover they've kept a charming venereal souvenir of their blurry meeting with her.

The squelches are universally despised, even by other squelches. They're a vicious lot. And they're on the bottom of the ladder. The rock world has a class system more rigid than Victorian England. The upper classes are the big name bands; there's a hazy area around the line between the middle and upper classes of bands on the way up and bands on the way down, and bands who'll never move either way. The middle classes are new bands of previously unestablished musicians on the brink of being in vogue. The lower middle class is for small time bands and the few legendary roadies. The lower class consists of roadies; some of them are notorious for their dirty Polaroid collections (an activity that's by no means restricted to roadies, incidentally). Somewhere in this structure fit the managers, bookers, and venue owners, starting in the upper class and working down in that order. At the very bottom, below the klutziest roadie, are the squelches.

As a breed, the squelches are usually very young. They

TOUCHING TRUE LOVE

It can happen. It has happened, obviously, or where would all those Mrs. Rock Stars and little Rock Star sprogs have come from? But before you start on that white dress for your wedding to an unattached Eagle, remember the bulk of rock wives knew their husbands when they were Joe Nobody, the guy who couldn't afford to take them to the movies because his guitar amp was being repaired.

These ladies also constitute the bulk of rock *ex*-wives. The lady who loved him for himself long before he was a Big, Successful, Adored personage doesn't often get to reap the benefit of those years of loving care and shelter while she worked a day job so he could afford to devote time to becoming a Famous Personage. It's sad, but so often true. Without wishing to get too specific or hurtful, take the case of Andy Gibb's young wife. (It's been smeared all over the daily papers in intimate detail, so I don't suppose another reference will matter). She was Andy's girlfriend and then young, probably much too young, bride. She went to America with him where *he* struck the inevitable Gibb Brothers seam of golden success, but she was packed off home, pregnant and rejected. She spilled her bitterness to the press, who obligingly cast young Andy as the cruel husband, star struck and estranged by glamorous women. But can he be blamed for having his head turned? After all, young Andy is indeed young? – eighteen going on nineteen isn't an age at which a boy can be expected to handle sudden adulation. What chance does a nice suburban Australian girl, heavily pregnant, stand against the likes of

Very recently, Status Quo's Alan Lancaster was divorced by his wife Patricia, on grounds of admitted adultery with an Australian dancer, Dayle Thurbon. Mrs. Lancaster made no bones about *her* bitterness, either. "I met Alan before he was famous and our marriage was happy," she said. "But then he was away a lot and that's when he met this other girl." He met a lot of other girls, if the supergroupie ranks backstage at Quo gigs are any indication, but obviously Ms Thurbon may well be that rare phenomenon – true love discovered by a rock musician on the road.

Which doesn't mean Ms Thurbon is or was a groupie. When it comes to the distinction between groupie and true lover, the line is a very subjective one. It's simply not true to say a female who has an affair (quaint, huh?) with, or marries or becomes involved in a Serious Relationship with a rock musician is a groupie. Her enemies, the envious and the spiteful, will say she's a groupie; her friends, or his, happy to see people they like in love (yes, I still believe in love) won't. They'll see it as a relationship between two people, and if it turns out well, good for them.

I said rock wives *usually* knew their husbands before they become famous. It's not so much the anonymity/fame axis that's important, it's the view of the rock star as a person. Obviously, he's no ordinary man. Even on the other side of the footlights, he's different. Irrevocably different. But he's still a human being (in most cases) with a human need to be loved for what he is, as distinct from his public image. He gets plenty of love for *that*, probably too much. Is *that* why she's paying him attention, or does she really like him *for himself?* (I've heard the same complaint from women with huge tits, even from very handsome men; the immediate reaction is *gee, tough shit, I should be so unlucky).*

Is There True Love in Rock 'n' Roll? Linda McCartney thinks so (pic Aaron/Horley).

Yeah, well, poor rock star, all he's got is his money, fame and thousands of glamorous women just dying to drag him into bed, why does he need true love? Because under the shell as thick as cowhide, he's riddled with insecurities and anxieties. He needs someone to love him even more than Joe the plumber, who only has to answer to the client if the plumbing's gone wrong. If a rock star blows it onstage in front of thousands of people, he's got to answer to all those ticket holders, his manager, his record company, his band, and so on, and so on. The only person he doesn't have to answer to is the person who loves *him.* Of course, it's unrealistic to think the wife/girlfriend isn't attracted to some extent, by the public person as well. Her loved one's skill as a musician and performer is part of him; no woman could honestly say she doesn't feel a secret buzz knowing

On the other hand, Bianca Jagger doesn't seem so sure . . . .

that *she* is loved by a man thousands of others want, even if they don't know him.

All this cut-rate psychology *may* be off target, but it's been formed through observation of rock men's private lives. Hard facts show most rock idols have a special person tucked away somewhere. They're not all as public about it as John Lennon, Rod Stewart or Paul McCartney, but the little woman's usually in there somewhere.

And Jill Gabriel (wife of Peter) and daughter Anna Marie think so (pic Ian Dickson).

If you dream of becoming that little woman, it's not a very enviable position. Observation again, but it seems the little woman's role is to be there whenever she's needed, but she mustn't ever get in the way. As a breed, rock musicians are an incredibly sexist lot. They harbour the archaic notion *they* can go on tour and screw their groins off, but it doesn't *mean* anything; *jeez, she was just a moll, how was I to know she had the clap, darling?* Meanwhile, the little woman is supposed to stay at home alone, knitting, darning his clothes, looking neither right nor left, never going out, and above all, never having anything to do with other men. Because *well, it's different for women, they're emotionally incapable of enjoying a casual fling, and HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO* **ME?** Because of the musicians/musician's wives circle the little woman's stuck in, if she *does* stray from the straight and narrow, there's no doubt her activities will be reported to her man in full lurid, exaggerated detail.

Because her man is accustomed to meeting band molls of various degrees, and observing what a faithless, degraded (in the sense of having no dignity) lot *they* are, he finds it hard to believe that a move for freedom by his dear one is anything less than a sexual exploit for the sole purpose of humiliating him. Ya gotta face it, rock bands are composed of prime egotists. All performers are egotists, by definition.

So, you still wanna be a rock wife, steady girlfriend, live-in lover? There *are* easier roads to masochism. Oh alright, so maybe it works for some people; I just haven't seen it. Even if it's all peaches when he's around, rock practitioners have to tour. And while he's away all those months, you can't help thinking about those nubile young things dying to give him their *all.* Especially if *you've* been a nubile yourself . . .

OK perus, here's what you've been waiting for . . . . REAL shots from a REAL Groupie Roadcrew photo album. The black tape is an added extra. Just like the Truth huh? Cept these pix are the real palooka. Supplied by Hookscrew.

thrive in country towns, where the pickings are slim. Whenever a national tour hits town, the squelches hide their school uniforms or take a few days off work and do their stuff.

Personally, I think there's a strong case for presuming squelches are mad. If you look in their eyes, they're full of a weird kind of blankness, with an occasional flash of cunning. It won't be necessary to say what it is they'll do; assume they'll do anything you can think of. The squelch's function is exclusively sexual.

They're pathetic because the only thing they trade is female sexual characteristics. Even more pathetically, some of them dream of becoming a 'respectable' girlfriend or even wife. They know what they're doing, in their heart of hearts, and they know it'll mark them for life. Their young life, anyway. If a squelch cleans up her act and goes normal, gets engaged, gets married, there's always the chance somebody will recognise her. Her nice innocent boyfriend will be shattered and never trust her again. If she stays in a country town, she'll never be anything but a squelch. All she can do is move to a big city, but by this time, the pattern's burnt very deep. Once there, she'll probably go out squelching again; maybe she'll work her way up through the ranks, maybe she won't. Whatever she does, what she's done before will be with her for life.

You see, here groupie-ing isn't something girls are generally proud of outside groupie circles. In Oz anyway. In America, groupies are blatant; they form bands, like Backstage Pass, or become strange and witty professionals, like the Plaster Casters or the Butter Queen. They become famous, notorious, and they love it. In the rock world, it's a real status symbol to have had a cast taken of your dick by the Plaster Casters. In Australia, there's little status attached to having spent a drunken night doing repulsive things with broomsticks in a room full of squelches.

Of course, there are groupies who genuinely love what they do and somehow maintain not only self-respect, but the respect of rock bands as well. They are exceptional females. Nona Hendryx, the ex-Labelle woman now touring with her own all-male band, has complained that the men can do what *they* like with groupies, but if she did anything similar she'd get no respect or obedience from her band or road crew. But then, she's trying to back a longterm trend. The rock world is a sexist jungle and most groupies are trodden into the undergrowth.

HAPPY SNAPS, LIVELY MOMENTS GROUPIE FILM STARS.

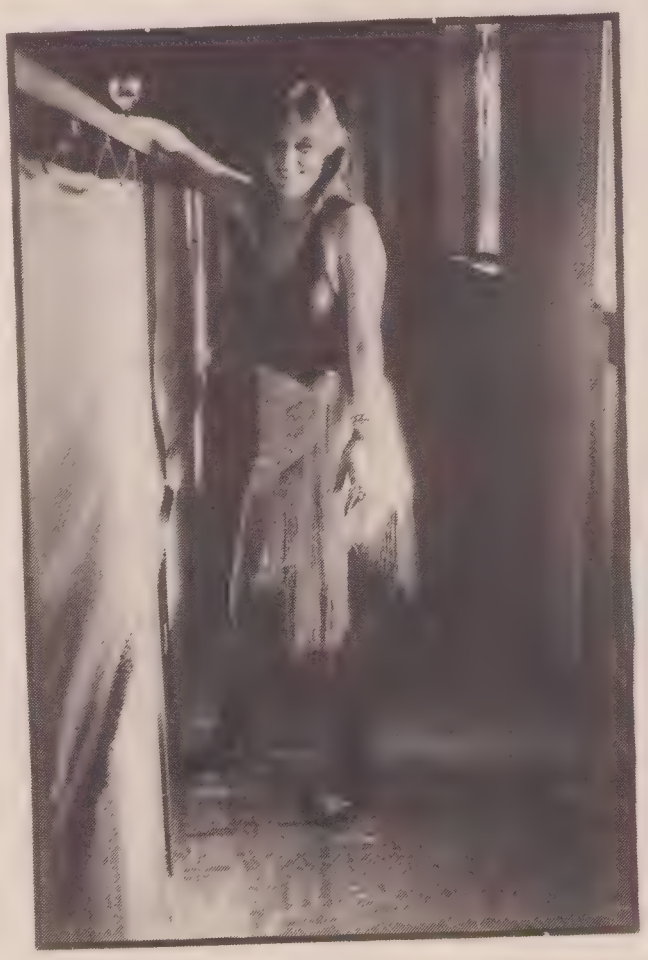
Will Australia ever produce a film of *Deep Throat* pornographic fame/notoriety? If we don't, it won't be the fault of our rock world shutter-clickers. As you can see from the pix on this page (if anything can be seen under the black tape used to conceal identities) there's many a young girl prepared to practise the Linda Lovelace Camera Fellatio Technique.

The questions are, Virginia, who takes these shots? Who performs in 'em? And, Virginia, if you *do* sneak off for a night with a visiting pop star, will you be forced to pose? And just *how many* hot, gloating eyes will see the lively moment you've allowed to be preserved for immortality.

The answers are these: most soft and hard-core porno pix are taken by roadies. And the great majority of groupie photo albums belong to roadies, even though many shots feature faces (and other anatomical details) from many of those nice Boys Next Door who smile at you weekly from Countdown and Sound Unlimited.

We know only one genuine pop star in Oz who has an extensive groupie album (no names please, we're a family publication). Groupie albums are often kept by the roadcrew as a sort of after hours guide to a tour's progress. A bulging groupie portfolio is proof positive the band has virile drawing power. It means the band must be pulling 'em in, as well as pulling 'em.

Roadcrews have a particular loyalty/servant/partnership relation with *their* band, and a groupie pix book is almost a spoil of war – a monument to the band's and the roadcrew's collective virility and power. In medieval times, wandering armies would sack towns and make off with the treasure and most desirable women. The modern day equivalent of creating decibel hysteria at the local hall, then skipping town with the door proceeds and nudie shots of the townsfolk's daughters is just a symbolic re-enactment of an older more war-like tradition.



"What band did you say you played in again darling . . . . . "
(pic by Richard Bailey. Model Karen Evans).

The girls who perform are mostly in country towns. It's on the long, around-Oz tours that boredom weighs most heavily. Taking groupie shots is regarded as a valid way of filling in time. Looking and checking and comparing groupie shots is another valid way of filling in time.

But of course, you don't want any negatives going to nosy chemist stores. That's why roadcrews rushed department stores when the first Polaroid colour cameras were available in Oz. *Instant* colour pix. *No negatives.* Fun fun fun. No one in town will ever know what you did little girl, 'cos the tour's going to Queensland tomorrow, so let's see what you can do with this wine bottle, dear. "The main people who have groupie shots," says veteran road manager Billy McCartney, "are the roadcrews for Top Forty bands on country tours. They're the shows that get all the screaming chicks, and after the show there's so many to choose from.

"There have been some *really* famous collections . . . girls with impossible things in really improbable places.

"But usually, what happens is the roadcrews who've got the collections have to get rid of them when they settle down with a lady or get married. The girlfriends and wives make 'em burn the pix.

"I used to have a few I'd collected over the years," he laughs, "'til I got married."

To the roadies and the pop stars who take the pix there is nothing sleazy, horrid or nasty about the whole business. The girls are willing to be photographed doing just what they'd come to the motel to do in the first place. In the second place, some girls get so enthused about picture sessions they think up ever more ingenious ideas for the camera. A year ago the most famous groupie shot in Australia featured a girl whose *nom de band moll* was The Lithgow Leaper. The shot showed her vagina *could* stretch around a telephone mouthpiece.

Blackmail? No, there are very few cases of girls being *blackmailed* into instant groupie porno. Although some shots feature girls so *obviously* out of it on booze 'n' mandies, they probably weren't aware the flashbulb went off.

The question is, if it's good entertainment and a good way of using up surplus girls, what do the *girls* get out of it? Most times they don't even get to keep any pix. (Their parents, bosses, boyfriends might discover them).

The answer is in the basis of groupie-dom. It's a groupie's role to give herself, and giving yourself to a body *and* a camera is a most powerful way of intensifying the hold of the user upon a groupie. Groupie shots are a means of proving a girl is willing to deliver both body and soul.

Who gets to see groupie albums? Well usually they're displayed to rock 'n' roll insiders only. To an almost private society roll call of trusted members. *"This one does it with microphone stands . . . this one only gives head . . . this one lives in . . . (wherever), if you're going there next month she'll . . ."*

Very likely, some girls who've band molled in their reckless youth have later thought shudderingly about the groupie pix that could blow their lives to pieces now they're respectable and straight. Amazingly though, *this* rarely happens. Respectable and straight people very rarely (if ever) get to see a roadcrew's groupie album.

Actually most groupie polaroids only last a year or so before they fall to pieces, get lost, replaced or burnt by a roadie's girlfriend. Anyway, colour pix could soon be a thing of the past, at least they'll be second-rate. The big new photography buzz is *colour videotapes!* With full orgasmic sound. Whole performances taped and filed and ready for instant replay. Led Zeppelin's roadies have already got one . . .

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SILVER SCREEN SPECIAL

1978-THE YEAR OF THE ROCK MOVIE

Some of the wonderful people you'll be seeing on your local silver screen this year (if you want to). From left to right — Olivia Newton-John (with film extra M. Jagger), John Travolta, Bee Gees with Peter Frampton (pass the Eno quick — Ed) and Janis Joplin (early pic from the archives).

By: Dick Tracy

Nineteen seventy eight, it seems, will see the consummation of the marriage between the New Hollywood and the music business, resulting in a flood of feature films in the immediate future and opening up new possibilities for the years ahead.

The push for this alliance has come from both sides, with film and music corporations seeking — what else? — increased profits. After all, records and movies share the same 13-35 year-old audience, and the recent huge success of soundtrack albums has shown that not only do they mean money in record company coffers, they're also the best film advertising you can have. And obviously entertainment conglomerates with film *and* record arms cash in with both hands.

One of the leading rock movie tycoons is Robert Stigwood who, in the past, scooped "grand rights" to *Jesus Christ Superstar* (earning his company $35 million from live productions alone), put his toe in the water with *Tommy,* and now has three rock musicals in the works with more to follow. Frederic Gershon, president of the Robert Stigwood Group, says of him: "He believes a music star has replaced what the film star was . . . The only one who can compare to a Clark Gable now is a Peter Frampton."

This view is echoed by Walter Yetnikoff, president of the CBS Record Group who, when asked by the *Hollywood Reporter* whether music is becoming increasingly important to motion pictures, replied: "Definitely. And the reverse is also true, that films are becoming more important to the music world . . . I think we are going to find many more music artists involved in films in the future, not only in connection with the score, but as actors, writers, directors, and possibly even producers . . . My kids tell me they would rather see the Eagles in films than a lot of the current Hollywood stars."

The main musical movies line up is as follows:

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. Starring Peter Frampton as Billy Shears, The Bee Gees as the Lonely Hearts Club Band, Frankie Howerd as Mean Mr Mustard and Aerosmith as the "Future Villains" singing *Come Together.* Also featuring Paul Nicholas, Alice Cooper, Chicago, Earth, Wind and Fire, Nils Lofgren, Linda Ronstadt and Eric Clapton.

Director Michael Schultz of *Car Wash* fame says of the film: "It's a fantasy about the power of music to change people. Or at least to give them a better understanding of each other. That may sound banal, but the film hopefully won't be. It's time we got away from old screen musical forms or just the rock concert idea."

Produced by Robert Stigwood with George Martin as musical director, RSO Records will release a double album package of 30 Beatle songs to coincide with the film's release. They are already predicting it will outdo the 15 million sale of *Sound of Music* to become the biggest selling soundtrack album of all time.

Incidentally, Northern Songs, the former Lennon-McCartney firm which holds most of the Beatles' song copyrights, is now owned by Sir Lew Grade and . . . Robert Stigwood.

Two other Beatles' based movies are in production. Paramount are fielding *Growing Up With The Beatles;* Universal have *I Wanna Hold Your Hand,* the story of a group of New Jersey teenagers trying to meet the group during their 1964 visit to New York. It has a cast of unknowns with a cameo appearance by famed deejay Murray "the K", playing himself.

Disco movies. Leader in the field is *Saturday Night Fever,* another Stigwood production starring John Travolta as Tony Manero, the New York kid who only comes to life when he's inside a disco. Based on a magazine feature by Nik Cohn (*Awopbopaloobop* and *Rock Dreams*), the movie features music by Bee Gees, Yvonne Elliman and Tavares.

Lower budget items include *Disco 9000,* the story of a Hollywood disco owner, and Dimension Pictures' *Disco Dolls,* standard exploitation fare.

Also in the pipeline is *Thank God It's Friday!* — a multi-corporation disco comedy with music. Casablanca Records and Filmworks are supplying Donna Summer, Motown The Commodores, and Columbia will make the picture.

Radio movies: Linda Ronstadt makes her film debut in *FM,* a behind-the-scenes look at an American radio station. The movie's executive producer is Irving Azoff, manager of Ronstadt and The Eagles, the film co-stars Joe Smith (chairman of WEA Records), and the soundtrack album (due out from MCA) features a title song written by Steely Dan.

American Hot Wax is the story of the 1950s New York disc jockey Alan Freed when he was at the height of his success and before the New York payola scandals of 1959. A soundtrack album featuring songs from that period is due from A&M.

Biopics of musical greats include *The Buddy Holly Story,* plus the lives of Janis Joplin, Bessie Smith, Jellyroll Morton, Louis Armstrong and Nat King Cole. Neil Diamond is rumoured to be considering the role of Al Jolson in a remake of *The Jazz Singer.*

Broadway shows are a prime source of film material. The movie version of *Hair* is currently shooting, directed by Milos Forman of *Cuckoo's Nest* fame.

The MOR Broadway smash *Grease,* another Stigwood production, offers nostalgia and bobby sox starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Motown Industries have budgeted $12 million on *The Wiz,* an all-black musical version of *The Wizard Of Oz,* toplining Diana Ross with Michael Jackson as the Scarecrow. Also featured are Richard Pryor, Lena Horne and Red Foxx. A floor-covering manufacturer has produced a special Yellow Brick Road linoleum which, in the film, will be unrolled across the Brooklyn Bridge all the way to the New York World Trade Centre, the location of the Wizard's Emerald City. Motown anticipates the film being an international box-office smash.

The rock concert, the traditional approach to handling rock music on film, will be led by *The Last Waltz,* a documentary record of The Band's farewell concert directed by Martin Scorsese, who previously handled editing chores for Michael Wadleigh on *Woodstock.*

Also out this year is *ABBA — The Movie,* a record of the group's Australian tour with a slight storyline.

All of which is likely to be only the tip of the iceberg. There will no doubt be various punk films, the rights to *Rock Follies* have been sold to British producers, *Evita* will be filmed — and how long is it before the life of Elvis Presley gets the full screen treatment?

Socially, of course, the rock and film elite have been mixing for years, with odd odd movie appearance by rock stars becoming increasingly common. Mae West's film *Sextette,* for example, features Ringo Starr, Alice Cooper and Keith Moon alongside the likes of Tony Curtis and George Raft. Whether these collaborations will bear any artistic fruit, or whether they'll turn out as just another corporate manouevre to part us from our money, remains to be seen.

AT LAST! A NON-MULTI-MILLION, NON-CAST OF THOUSANDS, ROCK MOVIE. *AND* IT'S ABOUT JAMES BROWN.

By: Cliff White

Simmering beneath all the multi-million dollar rock movies due for release in '78 there's a far more modest production that's just about ready to boil over into your homes. Modest, that, is, only in terms of financial backing, for the subject is about as flamboyant as they come: no less a character than *Jaaaammmes Brown* (Soul Brother No. 1 or the geriatric funk machine, according to taste).

Directed by Adrian Maben and provisionally titled *Keep On Drivin',* the film is a musical documentary of Brown that doesn't attempt a full life history, seeking instead to portray the man mainly through his music (stage and studio work), interspersed with retrospective highlights (one or two old film clips and assorted stills, explained by an economical narrative) and some interview sequences.

Shot in 35mm colour, the film will probably eventually be extended to become a pucker movie for the American market. Meanwhile, it's being edited as a 60 minute feature for European TV.

Maben, whose credits include the 1974 *Pink Floyd* film, gave a brief history of *Keep On Drivin'* and explained why he became involved in such a radically different venture to his previous music film.

"We started shooting in December, 1975. At that time Polydor were sharing the project with Brown, and I was called in to cover his concert in Senegal. Unfortunately, while we were out there filming, James had one of his periodic rows with the company and they promptly decided to drop out of the picture. The whole thing nearly came to nothing. But when I got back and saw what I had on film I determined to try to carry on.

"It was immediately apparent that Brown is a natural. A forceful personality and extremely photogenic, he is a fascinating subject to film. That was my main consideration.

"Also, I was interested to deal with someone who is *past* his peak. I was lucky enough to film Pink Floyd when they were recording and performing *Dark Side Of The Moon,* when they were at the very top. Brown, on the other hand, isn't nearly as popular as he was ten years ago. Not in America, anyway.

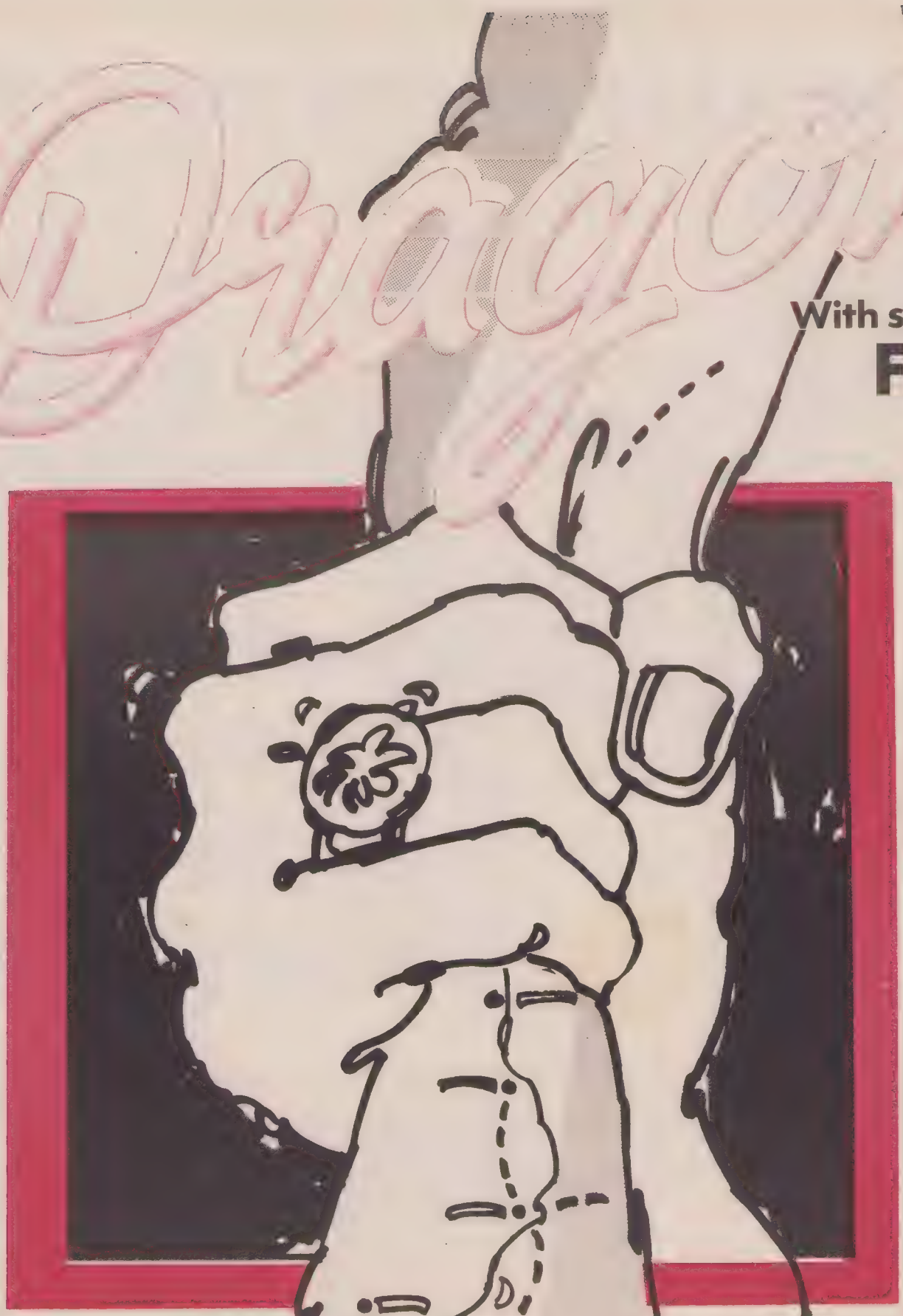
"Judging by the few old film clips though, he is a more extraordinary personality now than he ever was. I've tried to capture that on stage and in close-up.

"I won't say it was easy," he summed up his efforts. "Two years is a long time to be working on a film of this kind. But I think the result is worth it."

Amen to that. A film about James Brown is years overdue, and *Keep On Drivin'* just might be the right vehicle to pull back some of his waning credibility. The only problem now: has any Oz TV company got enough savvy to buy it and screen it?

Dragon

With special guests
FINCH



Running Free Tour '78

Sunshine

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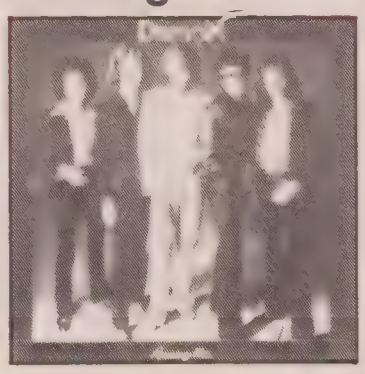
Running Free



PR3305
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Nothing To Hide

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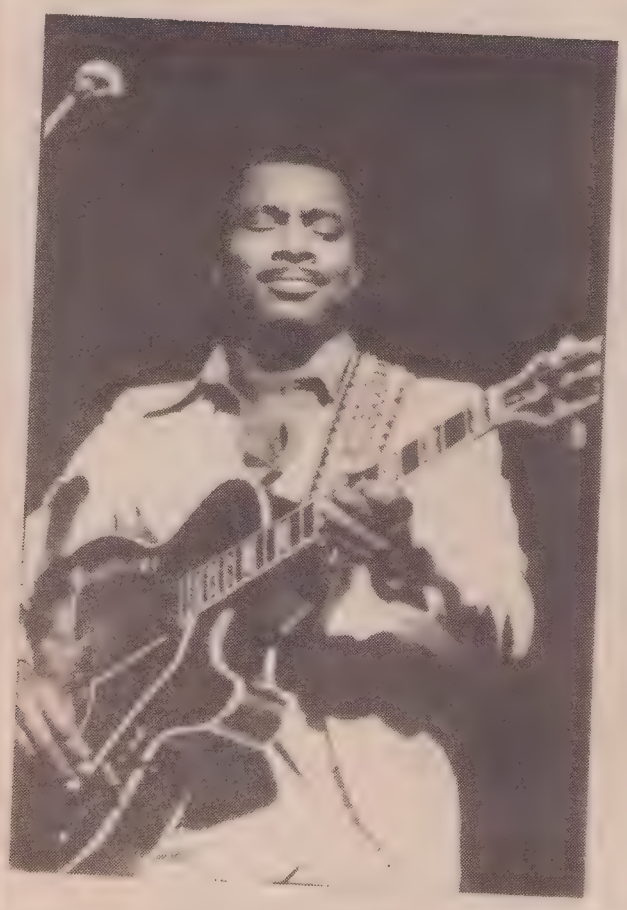
MARCH
9th Wagga Wagga Hoyt's Theatre
10th Albury Regent Theatre
11th Wangaratta Town Hall
12th Shepparton Civic Centre
13th Canberra National Stadium
15th Swan Hill Civic Centre
16th Broken Hill Civic Centre
17th Mildura Redcliffe Civic Centre
18th Adelaide Countdown TV Show
19th Horsham Theatre
21st Mt Gambier Odeon Theatre
22nd Warrnambool Palais Theatre
23rd Hamilton Town Hall
27th Geelong Showground
29th Ballarat Civic Hall
31st Sale Memorial Hall

APRIL
1st Morwell Technical Hall
2nd Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
4th Bendigo Twin Cinema
6th Wollongong Town Hall
7th Newcastle Civic Theatre
9th Sydney Regent Theatre
11th Coffs Harbour Civic Centre
13th Lismore Town Hall
14th Gold Coast Playground
15th Gold Coast Playground
16th Brisbane Her Majesty's Theatre
18th Bundaberg Civic Centre
19th Rockhampton Shotia Place
20th Blackwater Civic Centre
21st Mackay—The Royal
22nd Townsville—Dean Park Sound Shell
26th Home Hill Memorial Hall
27th Ingham Shire Hall
28th Innisfail Shire Hall
29th Cairns National Fitness Youth Centre

MAY
1st Bowen High School Hall
3rd Urangan "The Place"
4th Gold Coast—The Playground
5th Gold Coast—The Playground
6th Gold Coast—The Playground
7th Inverell
12th Dubbo
13th Bathurst
14th Orange

BENSON HEDGES HIS BETS



BRIAN CASE TALKS TO GEORGE BENSON, THE NEW BLACK U.S. SUPERSTAR WHO'S GOT MUSICAL INTEGRITY BY THE CROTCHET TON-FUL AND JAZZ ROOTS AS LONG AS AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

He's a pleasant, candid guy is George. He likes making money and his shrewd business head and guitar talent have clocked up cool *millions* for him over the past few years. So much so, by his own estimation he's earned close to a billion dollars. Of course, the taxman took most of it . . . "It's very unfortunate" says George dryly, "the government has closed down all the so-called tax shelters, so that all those good things that were allowed a few years ago are gone."

But still, that money keeps rollin' in. His *Breezin'* album is near the three-million mark world-wide. The follow up, *In Flight* is over 1,200,000. His new set *Weekend In LA* became a gold record in America with the initial pressing. Oz release is imminent.

Yes, one time jazz musician George has *crossed-over*. He covers the good music market. Nothing to do with raunch rock, and nothing so dated as Middle of The Road string parts. He's part-jazz, part-funk, part-classical and he's the first non-rock musician for a long time to make such a large-scale impact on the crossover jazz/rock/funk market. Or approaching it from another angle, you must know people who say: "I don't care *what* style they play, I like *good* music played *well*." That's George's market.

And he knows his impact. "I'm happy for all those musicians who are not necessarily into rock music or would prefer to make it in another avenue. We've finally given them some hope."

Yes he's an astute analyst of how and why many people listen to music, and what they're listening *for*:

"I think the fact that musicians useta play too long is one thing that turned so many people off jazz music. I don't care who you are or how great, people are not gonna sit in the chair and listen to one song for no hour-and-a-half. Forget it. This world is moving too fast for that now. A man has to be jobless first of all – and no kids because kids won't leave him alone that long. Realistically."

Didn't he ever hanker to play the clubs again?

He bit into a Danish. "Since I've had over a year's experience working concert halls, I have learned the difference. I have learned to compensate, whereas before it was just too strange to try to project out into 6,000 people. I've altered my concept of what I should try to get across. Certain things just don't go. You hafta watch that you don't become too subtle, you hafta make definite statements. I always enjoyed working in clubs because people could hear and appreciate from a very sensitive standpoint, but when I tried to do that with a large audience, I lost them. It took me eight or nine months to get the right formula."

"Don't you find that stifling?" I asked. "Don't you ever just cut loose and make 'em have it?"

"You wanna know something? I do it. But now I realise the effect it's gonna have. I know it's not gonna go over. So I don't depend on it like I did before. I say, well I'm gonna do this here and that's gonna give me a chance to think of something *REALLY* great – something that's in the realm of believability for this type of audience."

"But how can you face *Breezin'* night after night?"

"I'm sure Bill Doggett got tired of *Honky Tonk* and Chuck Berry is tired of *Sweet 16*. Well, brother, unfortunately that comes along with fame – or should I say fortunately? When they think of you as an institution, you got it made. Duke Ellington – how could he not play *Satin Doll?* It's crazy. If I achieve that kinda status I'm not gonna be complainin' – at least, not in public. When I hit that stage and I start into *Breezin'*, I'm gonna be *ALL* there."

He's a good jazz guitarist, not great like Charlie Christian, Wes Montgomery, Tal Farlow, Jimmy Raney, but one of that competent bunch like Grant Green who came up in the organ combos of the '60's. George got lucky. Predictably, his success has been resented.

George laughs. "Well, ain't that the name of the game? Well, that's how people are. Love you one minute, they hate you the next. You cannot base your life on that. I've seen guys change their music and cater to the audience and they loved him for a year until next year when Joe Blow came outa Kentucky some place and they fell in love with him.

"Then they say to you, *'hey man, I liked the earlier, the 1965 Miles Davis, whatever'*. I feel you should do what you believe in, then you don't hafta make excuses for what you do.

"I've been blamed for things I had no control over, like in past years I didn't have no control over the mix of my records. I went into the studio and I laid down one thing, and they mixed it to make it appeal to another kind of audience. So I said, from now on, if I'm gonna be blamed, let it be for something I did."

Which is one of the reasons why he quit CTI records and the Creed Taylor house-corset. Taylor, who had lucratively buried Wes Montgomery among the massed cat-gut for Verve, tried the same mixture on Benson.

"Instead of being an individual, I began to be associated with the CTI sound. People would buy a CTI record, not a George Benson record, because it didn't make any difference to them. Freddie Hubbard, Stanley Turrentine, George Benson – they were gonna hear the same people anyway.

"My career wasn't moving along fast enough. I felt I had a lot of appeal. I've always played things I felt the audience could get into, I never tried to play over their heads, even though I could. My conviction wouldn't let me do that."

George's Pittsburgh background was bulging with musicians – Art Blakey, Billy Eckstine, Paul Chambers, Errol Garner, Ahmad Jamel, Kenny Clarke, Dakota Staton. "I came up in a very hip atmosphere. There was everything on the juke boxes from wine-bottle soul to Nat King Cole, cats like Gene Ammons and Earl Bostic. My ear was just up to where the speaker was on the juke box when I was first selling newspapers, and it was all bass, rattle the room, you know.

"I useta sing an Eddie Jefferson song, *I Got The Blues*, when I was walking the streets with my ukelele. A man stopped me and said, 'I want you to sing that song for this man.' It was Eddie Jefferson – though I didn't know him – and I sang it. They were crackin' up rollin' over laughing. I mean, I was only about seven, and it had all these sophisticated words. Like I could barely talk, man, and there I was singing and dancing and playing my ukelele.

"So I came up with more or less an entertainer's attitude. What made me wanna be a musician was when I heard Charlie Parker's records – I didn't believe that anyone could master an instrument to that degree, because he made it say something else.

"The only reason I played guitar was my step-father promised to teach me. I never intended to become no guitar player. It was just to back up my singing – I was known as a singer all my life. When Jack McDuff said he needed a guitar player, I had no money and I never wanted to leave Pittsburgh, but I had to for the sake of making a living. Every night, Jack cussed me out and made me practise. It was embarrassing because I'd never played anything where I'd had to improvise before.

"Jack was my first opportunity to practise, and that's when I learned the changes. We were playing places where we always *had* to get over, because the people didn't care if you were there or not. They came because they knew you were doing something that made them feel good, but they didn't pay any attention once they were in the place.

"Jack McDuff taught me, man, this world is funky, bluesy. If you just play the blues in there somewhere, I don't care what – ballad, uptempo – there's always someone gonna like it. You're gonna have an ingredient that everybody knows. He's right."

George learned beauty from Wes. The extra dimension of octave runs. He got his faith in the riff from Charlie Christian. He comes on stage prepared. "It's only fair to warn you you're gonna be mesmerised before the night's out. A little bit of pretty, and a lot of blues."

He stands up to play, which goes with the crossover, but he doesn't mash potatoes with his lap or wave the technique. Everything is smooth, seamless as a credit card, and as low as the lighting in a bistro. Ain't out to mess nobody's mind, or threaten a crease.

It might be a formula, but at least George can play. True enough, and there are still out-croppings of improvisation in the show. George Benson does know the difference.

"I saw one of the greatest artists ever, John Coltrane, walk in the place, man, and play the same song for one hour. I didn't get bored, but my body couldn't take that intensity. Even musicians who understand more than the average person . . . he even left us out there. Those cats, Charlie Parker, John Coltrane they got a chance to practise right there on the job. We hardly get that chance because today we gotta be sharp and right on it. If you ain't sharp, they know where to get somebody who is."

Meanwhile, back on the jazz circuit, the giants continue to attract pygmy audiences, white kids predominating.

"They been fed sugar all their life, so they don't know what the other stuff tastes like. I mean, they don't play jazz in Harlem. They don't play it on the radio, so how can they relate? Nobody told them Charlie Parker, Charlie Christian and Art Tatum were geniuses, man, and when they go to music school they hear *Mary Had A Little Lamb* – type until they get old enough to play some Stravinsky, but they pass right over jazz."

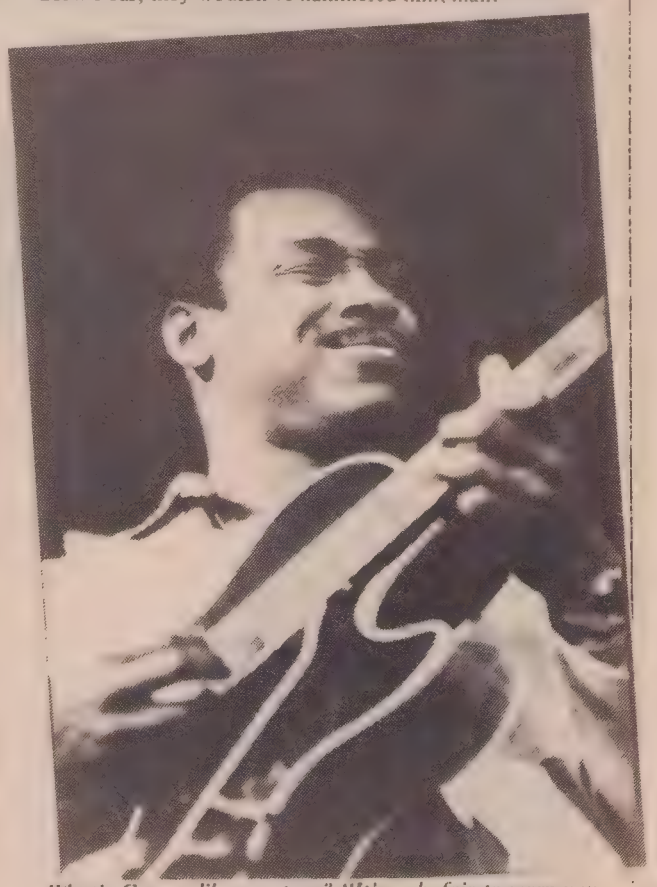
George took a belt of coffee to help sluice down the Danish. "It isn't strange to me. Jazz music got highly sophisticated with the invention of Be-bop. Another mentality, right? Be-bop goes right over the heads of young black people – it got divorced, you know. The college audience is basically people who have bread, and in this country that's mostly the whites. In music they want something that challenges their brains."

He leaned forward confidentially. "I'll tell ya something, man. Be-bop music was the greatest challenge in my musical career, and I wish I'd spent another five years playing it. You'll never run outa ideas in Be-bop in your lifetime."

"How did you get on with Miles Davis?" I asked. George turned up on *Miles In The Sky* and took a cooking break on *Paraphernalia*.

"At that time Miles wanted me to join his band, but I was talked out of it by my manager. Miles let his musicians alone, he allowed a larger format so they never lost their identity. He was so big it didn't really matter what you played so long as you kept up.

"It was great for opening the mind. People didn't know what the hell they were playing but it felt good. He allowed them cats to breathe and they breathed all over the place. Tony Williams cultivated areas where a drummer wouldn't usually get a chance to deal in – if he played that in Joe Blow's bar, they wouldn've hammered him, man!



What's George like on stage? "It's only fair to warn you, you're gonna be mesmerised before the night's out," says he (pic Paul Canty/LFI).

"Miles got tired of playing to walls," said George. "Remember when he got shot? Miles was playing a dive and the man wanted a percentage. He'd loaned the club some money and he wanted 5 per cent of every artist who came through there. Miles is not an artist who needs a booking agency – he didn't need any help to be booked, so he didn't wanna share. I know the whole case. It led to a big thing and they suspect that's how the shooting came about."

George's revelations started arrestingly and petered out as thoughts of litigation filtered through . . . "anyway – Miles got tired of playing to walls, so he said, *'You want rock music? I'll give you the greatest rock music ya ever heard!'* And he did."

George, at the apex of a flying wedge, manager, agent, roadies, record company, strolls out of the theatre onto 14th Street, New York's very own schlock centre. At the corner, they buy *Jet*, black barometer of credibility. They cross the intersection, George still in the lead, stocky truculent walk, head thrust forward like Joe Frazier, middle-of-the-road and moving.

FRANK ZAPPA ANALYSES THE WORLD (from somewhere in Knightsbridge)

Cynical ol' Uncle Frank knocks punk, record companies and reveals the CIA plot to spike San Francisco.

By: Paul Rambali

There exists a very real possibility that we won't hear any new recordings from Francis Vincent Zappa until at least the turn of this decade.

This has nothing to do with any dearth of inspiration or lack of impetus on Zappa's part, because for an artist of such proven relentless creative imbalance, inertia is almost unthinkable. What it comes down to is politics – internal music business politics.

In March of last year Zappa delivered four albums to Warner Brothers: *Live In New York, Studio Tan, Hot Rats 3* and *Zappa Orchestral Favourites.* His contract stipulated immediate payment of $60,000 per album. He claims he wasn't paid. True to style, he immediately sued.

Since his contract had allegedly been breached, Zappa took his copy tapes of the four albums, added some new material, subtracted some old, and prepared a four-record set called *Lather,* but pronounced *Leather.*

Recorded over a three-year period with non-static personnel from later Zappa line-ups, *Lather* is nothing so much as a definitive overview of every mode the man ever tampered with, utilising new recordings and with few exceptions– notably a scorching instrumental version of *Duke Of Prunes* – all new material. If your interest in Zappa goes beyond mere frivolous acquaintance, it's essential.

And you nearly had a chance to buy it too, because a deal was set up last autumn with Phonogram records for a new Zappa label, kicking off with *Lather.*

Here, however, the precise scam becomes lost in a flurry of law suits, threats and machinations. *Lather* remains unreleased. The fate of *Live In New York* is undecided due to some defamatory material included therein about a certain Punky Meadows.

It seems that Terry Bozzio, Zappa's spirited drummer, harbours a perverse fascination for Punky Meadows, lead guitarist with Angel, who are Casablanca's attempt to reach the kids who find Kiss too gross and any stray Queen fans with more bucks than sense in one fell swoop.

Bozzio, formerly a quiet jazz type, was so struck by a photo of Punky in the Adonis pose favoured by groups of that nature that he took to emulating this over-the-shoulder pout position in various awkward circumstances. He has lately been seen on stage sporting S&M gear replete with fido studs and butt strap.

Zappa chronicled his drummer's strange antics in a broad send-up of the manufactured groups syndrome entitled *Punky's Whips.* Meadows heard it, felt flattered, and gave Zappa permission to release it – but Warner Brothers wouldn't.

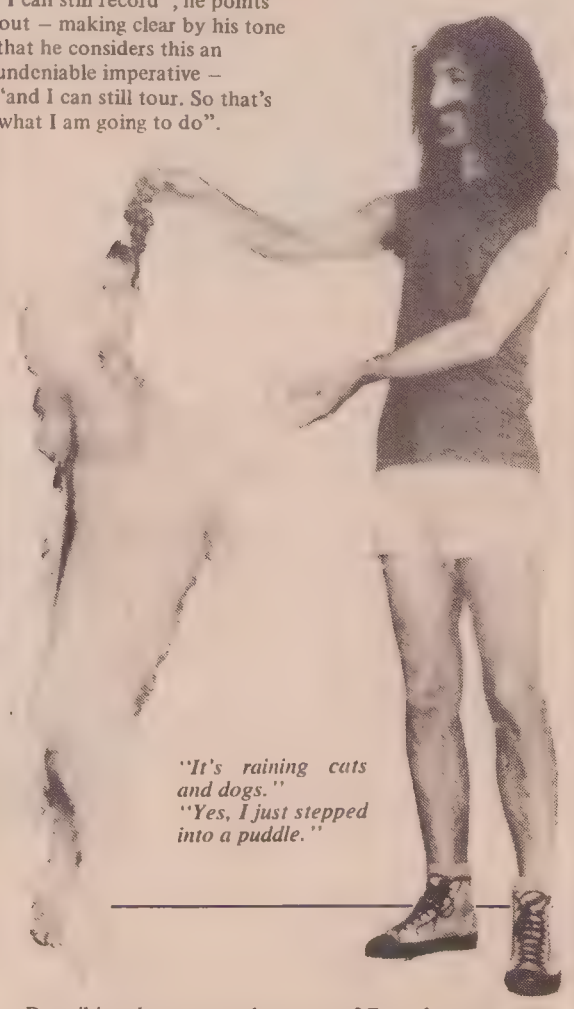
Impasse. Zappa's not about to co-operate with Warners. Any attempt to sign with another company would be blocked by Warners. It could be between three and five years before Zappa's case is dealt with due to the long civil court waiting list in California.

Also shelved for the time being is a TV special Zappa made. Described as a combination of advanced video editing techniques, animation and live performance, it has been shown in France, Switzerland and Germany, but ongoing litigation between Zappa and his previous manager, Herb Cohen, reduces its present chances of being shown here, even presuming the TV companies would take it.

All in all, not the best situations for the modern-day composer.

Zappa seems to be taking it very much in his stride though. In the sedate, pastel atmosphere of the Knightsbridge hotel where he is waiting to begin final rehearsals for the Hammersmith Odeon dates, he speaks more with resignation than bitterness as he tells me that his primary goal – no matter how long he takes to achieve it – is to disentangle himself from what he calls "a large, politically-connected, record company".

The prospect of not being able to release any new material doesn't trouble him. "I can still record", he points out – making clear by his tone that he considers this an undeniable imperative – "and I can still tour. So that's what I am going to do".



"It's raining cats and dogs."
"Yes, I just stepped into a puddle."

Describing the scope and portent of Zappa's output to the unprepared could take weeks. Let's just say he combines the aesthetic considerations of a contemporary composer with occasional acid social commentary and a manifestly bizarre sense of humour.

His favourite modern musicians are Edgard Varese, Igor Stravinsky and Anton Webern. His favourite records are Johnny Guitar Watson's *Three Hours Past Midnight,* Don And Dewey's *Soul Motion,* The Orchids' *Newlywed* and The Paragons' *Can I Come Over Tonight?* He says the ethnic strain closest to his own music is Bulgarian folk. He is, amongst other things, a rock musician.

"I was riding in the car and I turned the knob on the radio and heard this song," he reflects, obviously groaning inwardly at having to repeat what by now must be a well-worn story. "It was *I* by The Velvets" – not Underground – "and it sounded fabulous. My parents insisted it be dismissed from the radio, and I knew I was on to something . . ."

But finding out what makes this mother tick is no easy task, especially in the half-hour allotted between two other scribes probably out to do the very same thing. I decide, rather unwisely it emerges, to start at the deep end.

Over the years, the amount of pointed social observation on Zappa's records has fluctuated greatly. Recently, however, he has returned to form, *Zoot Allures* containing pound for pound more pertinent points than most of his other 70's albums excepting perhaps *Overnite Sensation.*

I find it interesting, though, that much of his recent concern has been with problems of, ah, sexual insecurity. Zappa, whether through misunderstanding my question or mistrusting my intentions, evades the issue.

"I disagree with your premise. I've got plenty to say about what's going on, it's just the way I say it might not be the way you want to hear it and also might not be about the things you want to talk about. Some people think social comment is saying the government sucks – God, that's so obvious why bother?

"Some people get upset when you talk about things of a sexual nature because that's just something you don't talk about, and the people who get most upset about that are journalists – there's probably some deep-seated psychological reason for that – the audience just enjoys it."

I happen to think that what Zappa has to say in his music about sexual matters is fairly important, because few others even say it, and because the way he says it is ultimately more therapeutic than most.

But never mind. Not wishing to put *both* feet in it right from the start, I switch tracks and ask how he deals with complaints from feminists in this quarter.

"I'm saying simply this: it's as much of a hype as punk rock as far as I'm concerned. Some of the things they wish to achieve are quite noble, but I resent the manner in which they are being advertised.

"It's not the ideals, it's the packaging. I find it repulsive and think it's an insult to men and demeaning to women."

Zappa, you see, used to preach *individual* liberation. He doesn't do it so much now, probably because so few people ever listened.

But in tow with this thorough and wise suspicion of anything offered as the one and only way comes an equally thorough suspicion of anything offered as the latest and greatest. Specifically, punk.

He says that there are things from the 60's that equal or surpass what's heard today, citing Sky Saxon And The Seeds and early Kingsmen as examples. Mention the popular youth movement theory though, and what was expressed in euphemisms above, but what I will now call cynicism, begins to show:

"The motivations – to judge from what I've read or heard in conversation with people in the business about the way some of these groups have been put together – have nothing to do with the pseudo-social or pseudo-political ideals expressed by its practitioners.

"The whole thing was a money-making venture right from the start, if not for the group then for the boutique owner who is packaging the thing.

"Punk rock is a phenomenon manufactured by managers.

"Rock has become a fact of life in the States," he continues, lighting another Winston and speaking with steady authority, often misinterpreted as arrogance, that seems to underline his presence. "It may be a fact of life in England too, but on a completely different level; the meaning of the facts of life here is radically different from those same facts in the States.

"It's almost a matter of survival the way I sense it here – the pressure to be a part of whatever is the going trend. In the States the pressures are different. You still have peer group acceptance pressures, but they're not based on rock as a culture. You can still have friends there if you don't like rock, or don't wear safety pins.

"I get the impression that in order to survive in this country you have to be absolutely dedicated to what has been announced as the trend of the day, otherwise you're a nerd – and nobody wants to be a nerd.

"As an amateur sociologist then, I would say they are in a better mental health condition rock-wise in the States than they are in England. But that's based on my aesthetics; my idea of a good time."

"My dog's got a cold"
"How does it smell?"
"Bloody awful!"

The above soliloquy launches us into a broader-based discussion of the American mental health condition in general, a subject obviously dear to Zappa's heart.

My mention of the notion that the Yanks are turning their brains to marshmallow through the process of conspicuous hedonism – occupying their lives solely with pleasant distraction and endless sugar-coated entertainment, whilst ignoring life's realities – causes a surprisingly animated reaction.

Zappa initially attacks me for making assumptions about a country I have never seen.

"I think the age of rampant hedonism has already passed there," he retorts, his ire now calmed and his speech returning to its usual even tones.

"I think there are many *practical* matters that the kids are concerned with. There are economic pressures today that didn't exist five years ago and those pressures affect the kids probably harder than they do the parents. In a time of job shortages it's harder for the kid to get a job than an adult, and if an adult can't get a job then what's a kid going to do for money.

"You can't be a hedonist if you're broke.

"I'd say the age of hedonism peaked out about five years ago. Nowadays the kids are more orientated towards job security. There is more of a concern to spend your time in college, say, in order to get yourself in a position in business – some way to get the bucks.

"They're willing to put up a horrible gray facade that you have to put in business in order to have their fun on the weekend. There's been a definite retreat from the '60s mentality of we're gonna drop out and live on a commune because that's really groovy. People discovered that if you go live on a commune you still have to take out the garbage, and they didn't like that.

"So the LSD gets thrown away and they start drinking more beer, taking other things, and the lifestyle changes and the goals of the kids change, and the way in which they express themselves on the weekend changes too.

"In the audiences I play for I sense a feeling of 'Yeah, we're really gonna boogie and blow it out tonight, but later . . . we're gonna have to go and get a goddam job".

So did America learn anything from the cultural upheavals of the '60s?

"They haven't learned some of the most important lessons of the '60s. The single most important one I think is that LSD was a scam promoted by the CIA and that the people in Haight-Ashbury who were idols of people across the world as examples of revolution and outrage and progress were mere dupes of the CIA.

"Millions were being used for a drug experiment that was being conducted without their knowledge by a government agency, with the utmost disregard for human beings."

Suspending credulity for a moment, I ask: if the government is behind the popularity of not just LSD but *any* drug, as Zappa claims, then why?

"I think it's a process they wanted to go through to find out what the applications are in terms of controlling segments of the population. It's one thing to use these drugs on enemy soldiers, but what happens in situations in cities?"

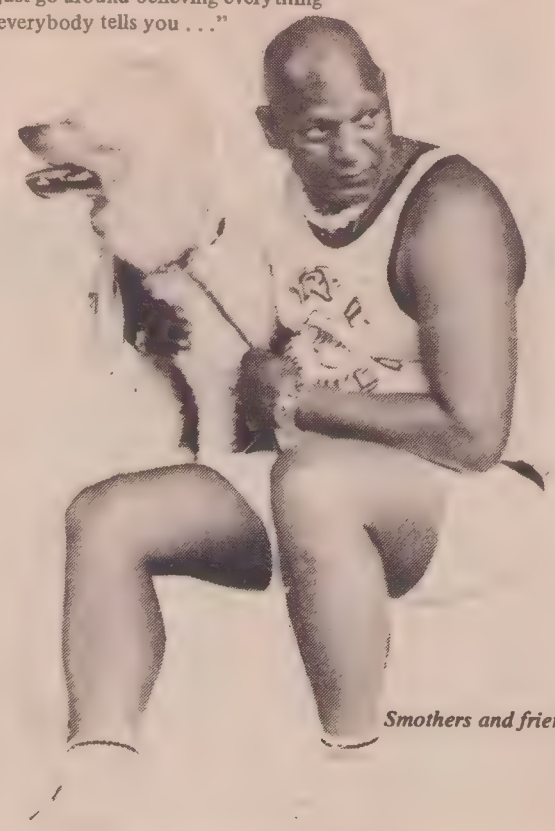
Even considering the fact that in the early '60s experiments went on in California to determine the effects of LSD and any possible military applications thereof, this is all just a little hard to swallow . . .

"That's because you're not in America. I think the way you visualise it is one day the Queen gets an idea that she would give LSD to the people here – ah, that could never happen. But the way I see it is that those crooks who wind up being president of the United States and the other smart little persons they have working for them will do anything. They believe that they are the law."

Smothers, Zappa's bald, burly bodyguard, has for the past few minutes been hovering surreptitiously in the background. He catches my eye and with a flair for the dramatic draws his finger slowly across his neck. I take it to mean my time is up.

One final question then: does Zappa consider himself to be the arch cynic he is often painted as?

"Absolutely. And not only that, I think being a cynic is the only rational stance to take in a contemporary society. I would call it quite a compliment to be called an arch cynic; that almost sounds important. Definitely I'm cynical. Everybody ought to be cynical. You can't just go around believing everything everybody tells you . . ."



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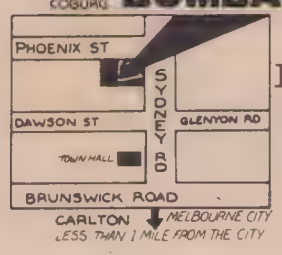

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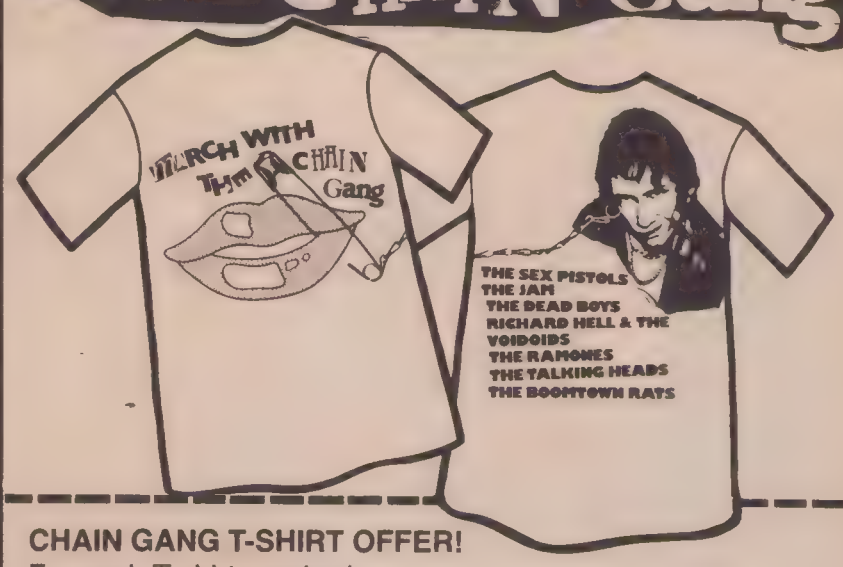

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PP78/3/D.

PUNK
and the alienated single teenager

Typewriter Psychosis: Andrew McMillan.

Don't gimme that crap about *seen it all before maan.* It doesn't count. I wasn't there when the Who sang *My Generation* – I was watching the Monkees on the teev. What I knew about Woodstock and the hippie dream I heard from my big brother. It was his game, not mine.

I grew up in the seventies, with heavy metal and M.O.R., with Black Sabbath and Led Zep, with C.S.N.Y. retreads and Sherbet. And I put up with it. I was indoctrinated by commercial radio and the only thing that happened, that kicked like a mule and punched me in the face, was Slade. Suburbia was boring, a tour of duty in Vietnam would've been more fun – but the hippies nixed that chance.

So what was left? Old albums by the Stooges and the Dolls, filling my head with the Blue Oyster Cult while all my friends sat around listening to the Fab Four and toking on joints.

Then, in '75, something started to happen. In New York, the garage band syndrome of the sixties was revived in dives like C.B.G.B.'s and Max's by guys in their thirties. The Ramones' first album was great. It was fresh, it was blunt, but da brudders were in their late twenties.

In England, it was young. This was the legendary scenario. Economic gloom had set in. A million unemployed kids were looking for something to do, and the Stones weren't the answer. Maybe The Swankers were. Malcolm McLaren, former manager of the New York Dolls helped them out, but it wasn't working. They stole equipment and started playing, but it wasn't until August '75 McLaren found the missing link. It was a kid, John Lydon. An arrogant thief with green teeth that were falling out (amphetamine was taking its toll). Lydon personified the hostility that was growing, the hate for everything acceptable, and McLaren renamed him Rotten, put him into the Swankers and changed their name to the Sex Pistols. Shock tactics! Kill crush and destroy!! It was time to threaten the propaganda machine (*with a new propaganda machine? – Ed*).

In November '75, the Sex Pistols played their first gig. Appropriately enough, it was at an art college, residence of progressive trendies. The reaction was perfect. The Sex Pistols were hated with a vengeance. Kids across England looked out of the Housing Commission windows, through the ever-encroaching grey and tuned into Malcolm's New Propaganda Machine. Anarchy was In. Bands formed and said so. Chelsea, the Subway Sect, London SS, 101'ers. Steal some gear, learn a couple of chords and make one deafening wall of despondent noise. The *new* bullshit, just cut it to pieces.

It struggled on through '76. "If we ignore it, it'll go away," just like gonorrhoea. By November though, ye olde guard realised that it just wasn't going to disappear. The Sex Pistols released a single *Anarchy In The U.K.*, which hit home. Suddenly the home country, the empire, was at stake. Here was this bunch of snotty nosed kids with razor cut hair and vaseline spikes rocking Brittania. The Australian dailies joined the fight, screaming "outrage – shock – horror – sales" when the Pistols were dared into swearing on British television. EMI sacked the Pistols and it cost them £50,000.

Paper clip Punk Glasses? Hmmmmmm. Ivor Hay of The Saints tries it for size.

Meanwhile, in Brisbane, the Saints had recorded a single *(I'm) Stranded* which failed to impress the Oz papers and was named *Single Of The Year* in *Sounds* magazine in England. A bunch of kids from Brisbane's heavy migrant working-class suburbs, they played hard and fast angry music for three years before discovering that they were *not alone* in the world.

In England, the first major fanzine, *Sniffin' Glue* was printed. Clothes-as-shock-tactics tore the streets apart, safety pins graced ears, razor blades and bondage pants and coloured hair spiked with vaseline and chains and cats' eyes and combat boots and zippers and torn clothes from op-shops.

The music press was desperate for something new, the kids were desperate for a fight. The Sex Pistols were the heroes.

Each band had its own distinct image. The Pistols were the socially deprived and bitter kids of the East End, the Damned said little but played their music straight. The Clash had political overtones and took over as the urban guerrillas singing *White Riot* and *I'm So Bored With The U.S.A.* The Jam retraced the steps of the mods and the Who while the Stranglers came across as the intellectual sexists.

The Stranglers do the Sidewalk Garbo Pogo..

Whichever way you turned, it was there. While rock had flaunted themes of violence, punk brought it out. Kids were smashed, spat upon, cut with glass and beaten up in dingy clubs. Violent music and violent dancing vented violent frustrations. An eighteen year old girl was blinded in one eye by flying glass in London in '76. A kid in Dublin was killed at a '77 Punk gig. Tours were cancelled by outraged town councils and the repression encouraged more of the same.

In the three months to January '77, fanzines sprang up, punk clubs closed down and the kids came out. Dozens of new bands were formed, The Vibrators, X-Ray Spex, The Adverts imitating the leaders with their music and their image – and most of them were dire. It was, like most bandwagons, weakening with exposure and money.

The Sex Pistols made another £75,000 when they were signed and sacked by A&M in less than a week and suddenly there was money in being poor. But the fight was still going down. A riot of your own.

By mid '77 though, it was dying. Big business, realising that this wild child couldn't be stifled into history, took it under its wing, pumped money into it and made it respectable. The Pistols had money, bought Aston Martins and sipped champagne in the better West End clubs. The Damned toured with an aging jazz saxophonist and record companies signed any band tagged "punk".

The original Damned do the Punk High Kick.

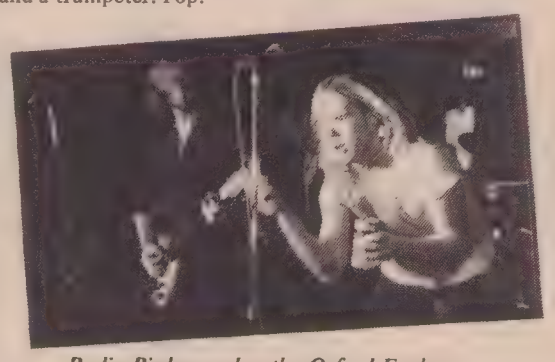
Most of the second wave of music was cliched and stale – but it started to sell. The Adverts released the classic *Looking Thru Gary Gilmore's Eyes*, the Clash came out with *Remote Control* while the Stranglers' album *Rattus Norvegicus IV* climbed the charts.

As the movement became bloated with its own hype/success, it seemed the only band still capable of employing vilified outrage was the Sex Pistols. *God Save The Queen* charted and the band's closest circle was arrested on the Thames during the Jubilee Celebrations. Members of the band were attacked by "royalists", bashed with pipes and slashed with razor blades. Instead of stopping the disease, such outbursts, naturally enough, fired it.

But that was last June. The movement had been running wild in the streets for twelve months, twelve wild months that achieved its aim in shock value. But like any violent explosion, it burned on its own energy. And last June, that energy was starting to dissipate into a stream of mass-production pop music. Losing its value, it was curbed by the establishment and less intense kids.

The New Wave was taking over. Generation X, the first punk rock group, released *Your Generation* and the business of making good music took over. Sure, the Clash were still inciting riots and Malcolm McLaren's master plan was still on schedule. The Pistols released *Pretty Vacant*, their ode to the blank generation. It was popular, but as with most cultural revolutions, popularity weakened the manifesto. The music lost its energy, bands started moving out of the small clubs where audience rapport was high but money low. The Clash played the Rainbow and Iggy was *still* the father of it all. The punk fight was over. The New Wave was moving in, just like glitter, heavy metal and techno-flash, it was pop.

In Australia, like America, it never even got that far. Sure, the Saints were one of the fore-runners of the whole damned movement, but in Australia they were too extreme, in England, they were too low key. Their recording was cataclysmic, especially the classic *Perfect Day* single, but they just wanted to be pop stars. Today, they're wearing suits and touring America with two saxophonists and a trumpeter. Pop.

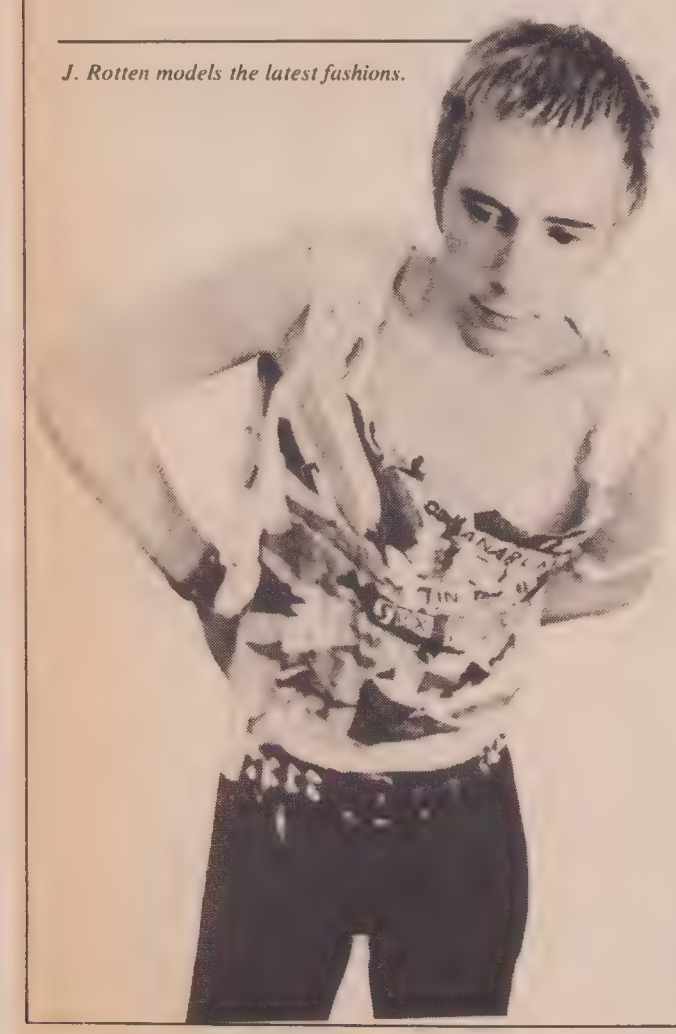


Radio Birdman play the Oxford Funhouse.

In Sydney, the movement found its home in the Oxford Funhouse, home of Radio Birdman. The Psycho Surgeons and the Hellcats led the second coming of bands like Johnny Dole And The Scabs, Shock Treatment and Subversion. But that was closed down when the Psycho Surgeons' vocalist was beaten up by Hells Angels.

Groups like the Boys Next Door played at Melbourne parties. In Adelaide, the Beaumont Children and Fuck sprang up while Perth saw the Hitler Youth Movement playing *Kid With Cancelled Eyes*.

Basically, the Australian thing wasn't/isn't a working class revolution. But then, the English thing hasn't fought along those lines for six months either. Yeah, I know, now we've seen it all before.



J. Rotten models the latest fashions.

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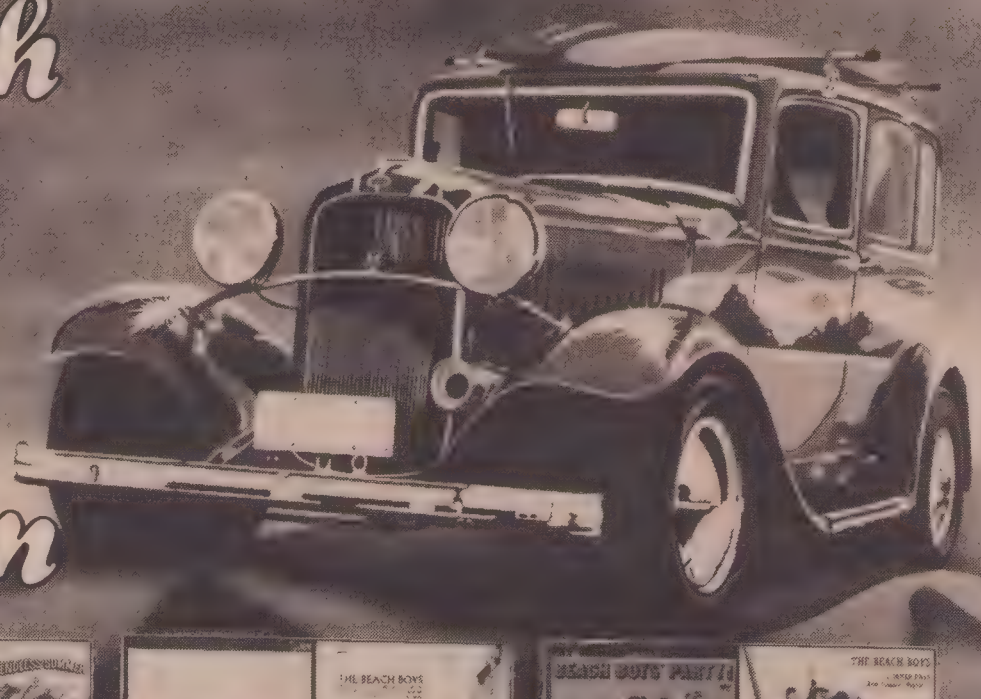

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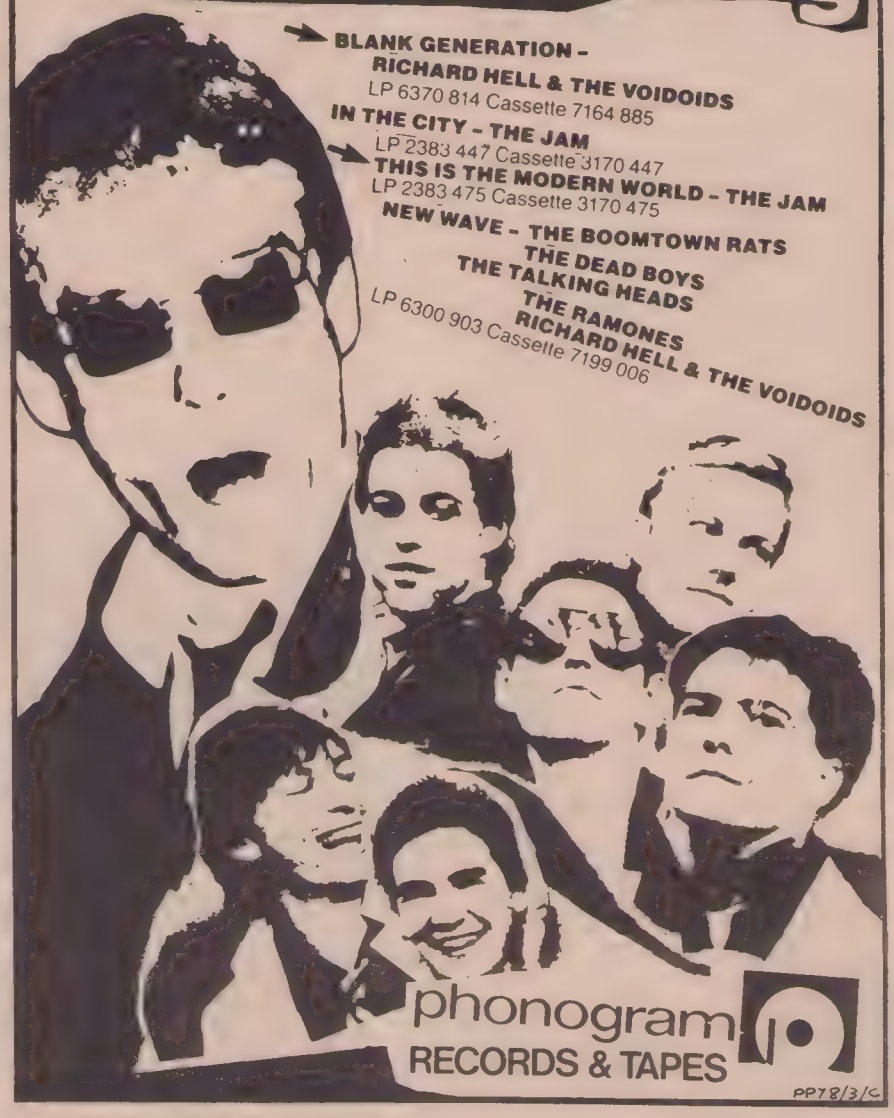

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Vinylising

PHIL MANZANERA/801 LISTEN NOW (Polydor)

Guitarist Phil Manzanera's fourth record outside Roxy Music bypasses the ionized power surges of the previous *801 Live* for the crisper cleaner more down to earth majesty of his first, *Diamond Head.* As such, subtlety reigns, disguised behind a facade of easy listening contemporary rock, a consummate work of restraint and composure.

But in attitude, *Listen Now* is eons apart from *Diamond Head.* The positivism and brightness are now superseded by a frigid reality. Warmth is now wariness. The paranoid pastels of the cover are parallelled by the quiet despondency of the songs. *Law And Order, City Of Light* and *Listen Now* analyse more in sorrow than anger a problem society with its manipulation and alienation, while *Flight 19, Postcard Love* and *That Falling Feeling* document inadequacy and unrequited love. Yet, for all the control and lack of heat, they are no less disturbing or intense.

Typical of Manzanera's studio democracy, his guitar does not seek to dominate, to reduce his friends to mere bit players. All contributions gratefully accepted. Regulars like Eno, Bill McCormic, Simon Phillips and Mel Collins are joined by Lol Creme, Kevin Godley, Dave Mattacks, Tim Finn, Eddie Raynor and more. Vocalist Simon Ainley has the touch of Eno without the nasal stylization.

Phil's renowned fragmentary guitar makes only rare appearances, as in *City Of Light* where it dodges through the pulsations like the fear inspired by nightsteps behind you. Elsewhere, it is elegant, withdrawn or rippling with just the occasional flurry like in *Flight 19* or *Initial Speed* (one of three instrumentals).

An album of excellence and intelligence, *Listen Now* refrains from overkill to carry the message that, unless you control your own life, there are no happy endings. Whether it's the soundtrack to 1984 or background music for today, the album is as cool, clean, polished and brittle as ice. Listen to it sometime.

Bill Holdsworth

LEONARD COHEN DEATH OF A LADIES MAN (CBS)

Leonard Cohen's sixth album brings together four of the sixties more prominent 'cult' figures in Phil Spector, Allan Ginsberg, Bob Dylan and Cohen. Spector produced the album with his usual distinctive sound, Dylan sings backup vocals on the raucous *Don't Go Home With Your Hard-On* and supposedly Ginsberg is in there somewhere, still having not realised that to become a competent musician you have to do a little more than be a groupie for those that are. Not to forget the legendary Suzanne, protagonist in Cohen's best known song, who is pictured on the cover.

Musically the album runs through country rock, singalongs, melodramatic extravaganzas, and sparse, almost Pink Floyd-like sounds. Spector is evident constantly. What he's done is typical of the results of his production in that the album becomes a Phil Spector album – the emphasis is taken from Cohen's lyrics and voice so that his presence becomes merely a vehicle for Spector's production. As some indication, the backing includes sax, fiddle, flute, trombone, trumpet, organ, along with Sneaky Pete and Al Perkins providing slide pedal guitars. It's a long way from the sparse acoustic guitar and occasional Jews harp on Cohen's early work.

Cohen's lyrical concerns haven't changed, although they seem a little more accessible. Spector gets co-writing credits, so maybe he's teaching Cohen the art of popular love song writing. In fact they're some of the best words to come from Cohen and it's unfortunate that they're so insignificant to the total album; lost and blurred by grandiose production. Maybe Cohen sums up the rather disappointing effect of this album in the last verse of the title track:

"So the great affair is over/ but whoever would have guessed/ it would leave us all so vacant/and so deeply unimpressed/It's like our visit to the moon/Or to that other star/I guess you go for nothing/If you really want to go that far." Or as some wit remarked, "it sounds like the Ronettes singing at a funeral". A curious album that leaves me a little cold and deeply unimpressed.

Stuart Coupe

JUDY BAILEY SOLO (Eureka)

Judy Bailey's been playing her jazz piano for many a long year now; at least fifteen. Instead of passing her peak after about ten years and then ossifying, giving it all up and being a housewife, taking her cue from the lack of recognition outside a very small group, she's hung in there and got more supple and inventive as the years went by. Once she used to play rather coldly, a bit jagged; on this album, she shows just how much command of mood those years have put into her fingertips.

It's a truly *solo* album. It was recorded in one afternoon on the 15th of October last year in the Sydney Opera House Recording Hall; the lady just sat down and played, all by herself. No overdubs, fiddling or diddling– this is how she played it. The sound quality is excellent; the only criticism is at times it seems a bit sharp, but that may be the Hall's acoustics. For the dominant feel is warm. It comes out most strongly, or at least most recognisably for non-jazz persons like me, in her wondrous, circular Beatles medley. She picked five of the most hackneyed Beatles songs– *Eleanor Rigby, Michele, Norwegian Wood, Hey Jude* and *Yesterday*–and turned them inside out, upside down, showed all kinds of mood hints possible while still keeping the reference melodies intact.

If charm's not supposed to be acceptable in jazz, then sod jazz– Judy Bailey plays piano. Her playing is emotional, usually exploring the more civilised human emotions with a good amount of subtlety; often wry, always warm, sometimes funny, as in *Jude's Cakewalk* or *Jude's Boogie.* And therefore charming Now, if there was only somewhere public for the lady to *play* . . .

Annie Burton

NONA HENDRYX (CBS) EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH RECYCLED (CBS)

Nona Hendryx was the S&M lady figure in Labelle, the tall one with the cropped hair and painful-looking silver shields over her breasts and crotch. She was also responsible for some of Labelle's best songs; *Nightbirds* for instance, and *Chameleon.* Nowadays Labelle are being retrospectively dumped into the disco category, which they weren't, really. Their fantastical imagery, musical sophistication and rich, wild singing was something else again. But they *were* funky.

Now Labelle's broken up, both Patti Labelle and Nona Hendryx have made solo albums. So why's an album by a lady with a funk background lumped with Edgar Winter's White Trash, a band from whom you'd expect blues influenced R&B? Because expectations have been completely reversed. Nona Hendryx has got herself a band and attempted to put together hard-core rock, while White Trash have come on as close as spit to the Average White Band–clear, falsetto voiced funk, complete with horns and harmony vocals. You can't plan on anything these days . . .

After her exploratory and evocative song writing for Labelle, it's surprising to hear Nona Hendryx reaching for the cliches on her own album. Her attempt to take on rock from a woman's point of view is laudable, but she's come up with songs like *Once Again,* the old *I-was-with-you-but-then-I-woke-up-and-it-was-all-a-dream* shtik, or *Take A Chance,* the *c'mon-and-dance-with-me* number; it's only her particularly aggressive vocal on the latter, a kind of heavily implied *or else* that distinguishes it from a hundred other similar songs. The mix is wrong for rock, as well. The strong but oddly unshaded Hendryx voice is way up front, the band a long way back, a combination not destined to produce a rock solid sound. Her attempts at Heavy Metal, as in *Winning* and *Problem,* have *gaps* in the sound. One thing about H.M., it's aurally relentless– there's never any holes in the wall of thunder. When she gets around to reggae, on *Too Late To Run* (another lyrical cliche, but not so obvious here), it's a relief; she handles the almost unaccompanied intro verse and chorus over a set reggae organ/drums off beat form charmingly, without the sense of strain that mars her other efforts.

Still and all, it's an album that grows on you. Its main implication is of things to come.

Recycled has a theme, of sorts; it's *eco*-funk, as in environmentally concerned. *We gotta start puttin' it back together again* stuff, use that *Leftover Love* etc. etc., interspersed with a couple of true Winteresque rough-voiced R&B tracks, including one written by Winter and singer/saxophonist Jerry La Croix, called *New Wave.* No, Johnny's brother hasn't gone into albino punk, it's a fairly straight gospel song, the lyric true to an old gospel theme– *There's a new wave comin'/To wash away the old* . . . I think it's supposed to be about fixin' up the ecology.

But the bulk of the material is disconcertingly close to the immaculate white funk style perfected by AWB. Take the track called *Shake It Off*–it consists entirely of Dundee Horns style instrumental with nippy rhythm section, interspersed with four high, fast, harmonized shouts of *Mama shake your ass off.* Strange. Maybe Edgar's decided to go into the modern funk form of black music, leaving da bloose to Johnny. After all, Johnny's got Muddy Waters, and you could hardly compete with that.

Annie Burton

THE RAMONES ROCKET TO RUSSIA (Sire)

Shit. I thought the Ramones were supposed to be getting faster. Well, there's little evidence of that here. I suppose it's because they're operating under severe limitations–Dee Dee just can't count that fast.

This record is disappointing because the band is obviously taking far too much notice of the press thay have received. To summarise; they have been described as (1) minimalist (read "Dumb"), (2) the quintessential "pop" band and (3) cartoon characters (as in *Fritz the Cat*) developing the best traditions of The Archies. On the two earlier albums, all this has been only vaguely true and it is this ambiguity of focus which gives them such a Stunningly Perfect Image. I refuse to believe any band to be dumb that comes up with gems like *Today Your Love, Tomorrow the World* and *Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment.* There is a glorious artlessness and cretin-generated approach to the songs which make them true top-ten fodder and low-brow art. Likewise, those who are repelled by Smokie and yet bored by Genesis could buy the albums *and* bolster their cool at the same time. No solos, tunes which were barely distinguishable from chants (but which were still as fresh as hell) and the first lyric sheet I've read which didn't make me cringe. The songs seem to be offshoots of Chuck Berry's–just zone-in on the words and you've got the tune. Only, instead of Coke and Cars, they substitute case-histories and pesticides. They definitely have this spokesman-for-the-blank-generation quality about them. Just what my analyst ordered. Add one guitar continually on maximum fuzz and you had a couple of murderous records.

However, this has now been officially relegated to the past. The Ramones have been told what they are by the scribes and they're damn well not going to let them down. So they prove conclusively that they're dumb – the songs read like a *National Lampoon* parody of the band. Now we've got to suffer witless chants like *"I wanna be well".* To celebrate their new-found status as The Archetypal Pop band they take their tunes virtually straight out of *The Beach Boys Greatest Hits Vol. I.* In fact, it's surprising that they haven't done *Fun, Fun, Fun,* yet. I guess they don't consider that trashy enough so they do *Surfin' Bird* instead (originally by The Trashmen). Also, they're getting more romantic. Where have all the mutilation numbers gone? *Cretin Hop* and *Teenage Lobotomy* help stave off total soppiness, but now the majority of the songs are *I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend* sound-alikes, with identikit words.

The cartoon aspect has likewise been tarted up. *Punk* magazines's John Holmstrom has been shunted in to do the cover and now we get pictorial representations of cretins toting *Gabba Gabba Hey* and little "explanatory" drawings alongside the words on the inside sleeve. The songs also reflect this comic-book mentality. *We're A Happy Family* reads like an extract from *Mad* magazine which, incidentally, seems to be a primary influence on the band. So there we have it. The Ramones are revealed as mere mortals because of their pandering to critical opinion.

But I carp too much. At any one of about half-a-dozen glorious moments on the record, all these criticisms disintegrate under a welter of blistering power chords and the hardest snare sound I've heard on record. However, for about twenty odd minutes, I found myself fidgeting because of the listlessness of the playing and the less-than-memorable nature of the songs. Too little is taken at the furious pace that the songs demand if they are not to be exposed as piss-weak and just plain dumb.

Lloyd John Peasley

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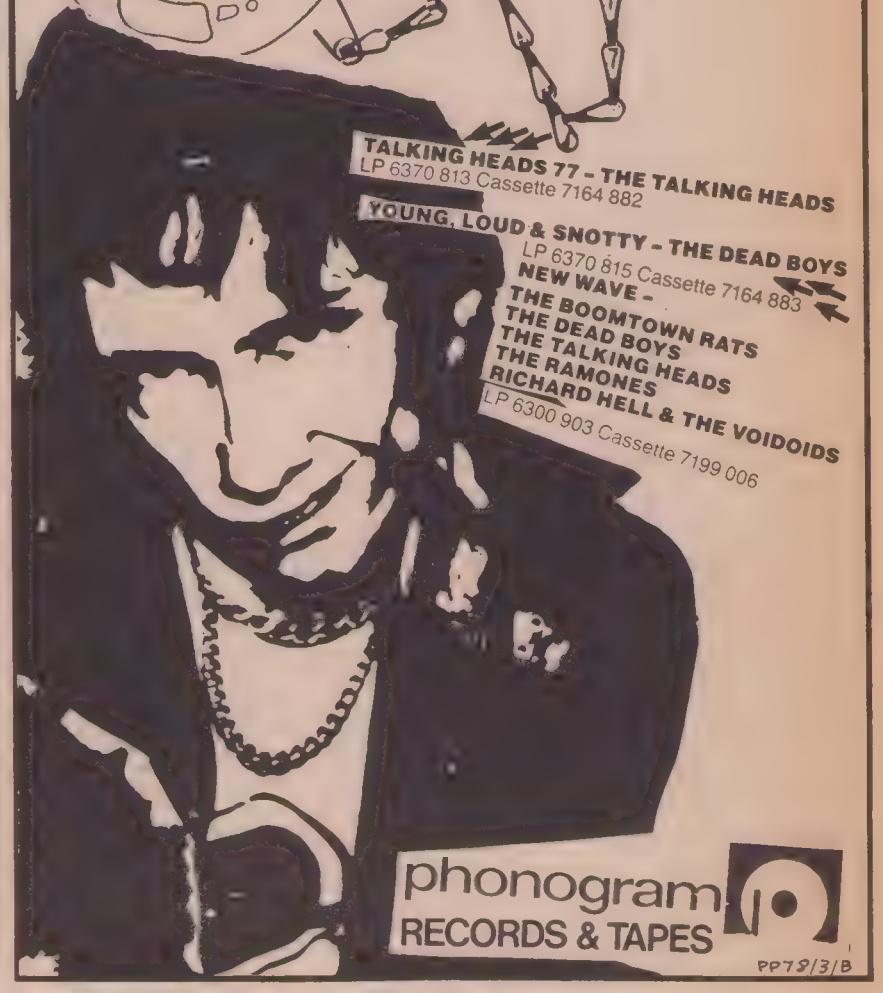

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PP79/3/B

Vinylising

JACKSON BROWNE RUNNING ON EMPTY (Asylum)

Running On Empty isn't the conventional live album. It's a Jackson Browne version of a live album, from the giggled, muted drug dialogue at the end of *Cocaine,* to the modern day narcosis implications of the title. It features five concert performances recorded at three different gigs and five other live cuts recorded in hotel rooms, a tour bus and rehearsal room backstage. The ultimate road album?

Well, the ultimate *Jackson Brown* road album anyway. A Browne gig is often a moving, spiritually fulfilling moment, with the man laying down raps ranging from engagingly humourous to astutely sociological. It isn't the sort of thing that can be easily transfered to record without loss of potency, simply because much of the effect relies on the at-the-moment intimacy created between Browne and audience.

So what Jackson's done is put out his own behind-the-scenes album. Sort of an official bootleg with most of the songs presumably relating Browne's own feelings about roadlife. The title track, for instance, describes the situation of busy artist running from town to town, appearing before crowd after crowd that needs *"some reason to believe"*. Only thing is, Browne himself is caught up with, and blagged out by, roadlife and, *"You know I don't even know what I'm hoping to find." (Running On Empty).*

Roadlife psychosis in fact gets the royal treatment on this album with another four trax, *Love Needs A Heart, Nothing But Time, The Road* and *Shaky Town* all dealing with the conflict of feets 'n' wheels being on the move vrs a heart trying to find a place to settle. *Rosie* is an ironic, more than usually tender (in rock star terms) ode to a groupie. *The Load Out* is a paen to roadies everywhere. *Stay* (featuring David Lindley on soprano vocals) is presented as every artist's plea to an audience. Then there are two non-road theme songs. *Cocaine* is an ode to the rock musicians' current drug in the US (actually, *anywhere* it's available). The lyrics are agin usage but Browne's delivery and the muttered rave afterwards indicates half of Peru has gone up his nostrils that night. *You Love The Thunder* is fairly typical Jackson imagery, linking strong emotions with the strongest and most violent of natural phenomena. The only thing is, much of the musical treatment for all songs on this album forsakes the new directions forged by *The Pretender* and the results sound like off-takes from his first three albums.

The album cover flash advertises *"10 NEW SONGS"*, but only *two* are solo efforts from Browne. Another four are Browne-Various Collaborators efforts, with *Love Needs A Heart* easily winning the Most Distinguished Collaborator stakes by including Little Feat's Lowell George and Valerie Carter.

The musical treatment won't hold much joy for people who only picked up on Browne when he came out with the lushly produced and arranged *Pretender*. Old fans weaned on the sparser sounds of earlier albums presumably won't mind.

Actually, it's very much a quintessential fans' Jackson Browne album—for people who'll readily forgive the indulgence of the concept and the low key manner in which Browne himself hands around the songwriting credits.

Derek Johnson

JOHN DENVER I WANT TO LIVE (RCA)
NEIL DIAMOND I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE WITH ME TONIGHT (CBS)

What happens when two big big big selling artists get flabby around the middle and, worse still, have finally milked their one or two distinctive melodies dry?

John Denver who used to write sweet saccharine such as *Annie's Song* and *Sunshine* is now mumbling cosmic cowboy stories and recycling muted versions of the melodies that have already made him millions.

Neil Diamond who used to write good pop angst – *Shilo* and *Solitary Man* for two, has turned into a combination Wagner/Crooner. Either he's raging some tirade against a storm of massed woodwinds or crooning love-lost ballads against stark piano backgrounds. Only occasionally does he rise out of the pig trough to recreate a semblance of what made him millions. But then, you've probably already heard *Desiree* on radio.

These albums aren't hateful *because* they're made by John Denver and Neil Diamond, they're awful simply because they are goddamned awful albums.

It's enough to turn a young man to New Wave.

Derek Johnson

RANDY NEWMAN CREATES SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN 12 SONGS (WEA)

The success of *Little Criminals,* particularly the rumpus raised by *Short People,* has prompted the re-release of two albums of earlier Newman material. Good things for anyone who's just discovered him -- now you can develop a deeper crush on the man through his other stuff.

You get all the goodies. *12 Songs* has *Mama Told Me Not To Come,* (Three Dog Night made it an international hit), *My Old Kentucky Home, Yellow Man* and *Lover's Prayer,* among other delights.

Creates Something New gives you *Davy The Fat Boy, I Think It's Going To Rain Today, Love Story* (and if you think it's the title track of that mildewed movie, boy, are you in for a surprise), *So Long Dad* and *Bet No One Ever Hurt This Bad.*

When I said you get *all* the goodies, I was wrong; not *all,* by any means, but these two albums will urge you on to search out the albums with *Sail Away, Rednecks* (still one of my most favourite lyrics – *We're Rednecks/We're Rednecks/Don't know our ass from a hole in the ground . . . it* caused as much stink at the time as *Short People* is doing now) and so on and so on until you're as bad a Newman sucker as I am.

Annie Burton

THE DAVID BROMBERG BAND RECKLESS ABANDON (Festival)

A pleasant, polished collection of old blues, country and bluegrass, ably played by David Bromberg's band on the proper instruments of the genre – acoustic guitars, fiddle, dobro, slide, mandolin, piccolo, pennywhistle, some well placed brass and (surprisingly suitable) occasional strings.

The choice of songs includes a fair whack of traditonal stuff, like the medley of *Battle Of Bull Run, Paddy On The Turnpike* and *Rover's Fancy.* More familiarly, there's *Stealin',* the old Gus Cannon blues, and the blues/salvation hymn by Blind Willie Johnson, *Nobody's Fault But Mine.* Fiddle fans get *Sally Goodin, Old Joe Clark* and *Wheel Hoss* all on one track. It's all arranged, played and sung in a lively fashion that doesn't stick to the sometimes dolorous originals note for note, but doesn't lose the original spirit either. The new songs, by Bromberg alone or in conjunction with other band members, (or other contemporary authors, including Rick Danko) don't clash with the atmosphere.

It's an album with a ton of optimistic feel and the odd giggle, but Bromberg's last effort, the double live *How Late'll Ya Play Till?* captured a lot more whoopee than this studio set; nevertheless, his highly idiosyncratic strong, nasal voice and humour are still refreshing.

Joe McDonald.

ROBERTA FLACK BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT (WEA)

Roberta Flack's creamy, caramel rich voice is as mature, warm and satisfying as ever. She sounds as sincere as she ever has. Her piano playing is as apt, rich in chords and spatially satisfactory. The arrangements are demure and laid back. You get another Roberta Flack/Donny-Hathaway duo, too. So what's wrong?

***Because* it's the same as ever, that's what. You've heard it before, only sounding better, because it was fresh then. The songs on this album are neatly commercial, nifty, well-constructed even, but there sure isn't anything of the same ilk as *Feel Like Makin' Love.* Which would be perfectly OK if this album was a progression, but it's not. It's more of the same, only paler, watery through over-use.**

Some tracks are so laid back it sounds as though Flack's singing on automatic pilot. The album contains a cast of thousands – five different guitarists, seven keyboard players (including Flack), four bass players, five drummers, five percussionists, and eleven backing singers, including Deneice Williams and again, Flack herself. There is, (thank whoever) only one oboe player. The album was made in no less than eight different recording studios, so it would seem that this gi-normous cast made up eight different bands, depending on what slicko session players were available at the time.

Joe Stevens

RAY CHARLES TRUE TO LIFE (EMI)

The range of material on this album would seem impossible to make cohesive to almost anyone else, but Charles' individuality is so strong he does it effortlessly. Every track is a gem, and doesn't seem the least bit out of synch with the others. Johnny Nash's *I Can See Clearly Now* with Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oh, What A Beautiful Morning* (yeah, the one from *Oklahoma*), an absolutely heart-rending slow blues version of George and Ira Gershwin's *How Long Has This Been Going On* and a proud, pained rendition of Robert Guidry's *Jealous Kind* constitute a perfect first side. All stamped *Ray Charles* so strongly you don't even think of where the songs came from.

The second side takes on a couple of sassy, jivey songs, *Anonymous Love* (about getting love letters from a Ms Anon. and won't she please give her address?) and a hot shot, back alley gambling song, *Game Number Nine;* Charles proves yet again how hip and sexy he can sound, still with a solid base of human dignity. The last track is the album's only let down. Lennon and McCartney's *Let It Be* would have been perfect for Charles' to gospelize, one thought, but it comes out oddly verbose and overstated, despite Charles' restriction to a very simple arrangement.

The album is produced and engineered by Charles, always clean, clear and sparely arranged; with no credits listed for the always aptly used horns and strings. It was recorded in '77; why it's been released now, I don't know, but it's enough of a treasure not to mind.

Annie Burton

JESS RODEN THE PLAYER NOT THE GAME (Island)

Is this *really* the same Jess Roden whose last album was a quite creditable set of British gravel voiced blues shouting? Same name, same record company, the drawing on the front looks like the same man . . . Beyond that, there is absolutely no resemblance to the other Jess Roden whatsoever. Amazing; can you have plastic surgery of the throat?

Jess Roden went to America and God only knows what happened to him, but whatever it was has made up his mind to be a bland, smooth voiced, semi-jazz singer, with all the attendant swish musicians, backing singers and production so flawlessly boring you could skate on it. To review this album it's necessary to forget the other Jess Roden ever existed. Crikey, he even does *Drinking Again,* and does it with as much show-off cocktail bar jazz sleight he can fit in.

Tim Hardin's *Misty Roses* gets the same treatment. *Blerch.* Roden's own songs are completely unremarkable, and as for originality, how's this for a title? – *Woman Across The Water,* or another – *In Me Tonight.* Do Elton John and Peter Frampton cop yet more royalties, I wonder?

Annie Burton

JANE OLIVOR CHASING RAINBOWS (CBS)

Vibrato doesn't do anything for this cynical soul. The quaverings of a sensitive lass in the throes of obvious emotional distress only serves to close up these lugholes extra tight; at least, Jane Olivor's sensitive quaverings do.

Perhaps if she hadn't developed such a thing about the title track, well and truly pre-defined by Judy Garland (right into the ground). There are not one but *two* serves of this raddled old song, along with other tremulous efforts like *Beautiful Sadness, The Big Parade, The French Waltz* etc. Great songs for your tender brain to fall apart to, if you're that way inclined. If you're not, Jane Olivor's sensitive soprano, lushy-slushy arrangements and general funereal pace comprise an album too quiveringly unrelenting to stab with a forked stick.

Joe McDonald

1420

3XY

YOUR CONCERT STATION

This week's letters were discovered wandering homeless through the dank, garbage filled side-streets near RAM's home in slummy Glebe. After a good wash and a rub-down, they printed up something like this . . .

BOZ BUMMER

I'm going to have a bitch about yesterday's Boz Scaggs concert and the selfishness of people there. Look, in concerts like these, it's first come — first served. But surely there must be a bit of consideration around.

My friends and I arrived about 7.30 and sat around in front of the middle gate for eight hours. Then some idiot caused a riot by saying the gates were open and in the panic one of my friends was pushed to the ground, trampled on and got a cut eye. And that's not all. By the time all the shoving for places on the grass was over we got a good place in the middle about seven feet from the stage. Shit. I know rock 'n' roll is meant to have a good time to, but why do people insist on blocking the view — thereby encouraging the usual barrage of cans etc.

I came mainly to see Dragon (they were shit-hot) and people were pretty good as far as sitting down was concerned but as soon as Scaggs started all hell broke loose. Don't people realise that if one person stands up everybody else will? I couldn't see a thing because of the nongs up front. I only saw fifteen minutes of Scaggs and the rest of the time all I saw was a guitar neck. I hope the people up close had a good view because the rest of us didn't.

Frustrated Pink and Green.

Fearless Annie Burton has a few words to say on Boz in this issue.

DUFFED

As I haven't received many awards in my lifetime, let alone the creative type . . . No! Wait! I lie, there was the Billboard Award in '74, and oh yeah! the Cashbox, Melody Maker and Sporting Globe Awards last year — all for lying?

Anyway! I was more than honoured to rate a mention on your recent "Sleaze of the '70s awards" list. I always knew I had it in me.

But at this point I'd just like to thank a few people who made it all possible. Firstly, I think my Sunday school teacher had a lot to do with my high moral standards, I know this must have had some bearing on the outcome, thanks Miss Cock. And who could forget my very first singing teacher. I remember he'd get so involved in my lower register, he would keep me back after class so I could hang on to his bottom note a bit longer. (We were very close). Thank you Regi!! Oh! I could go on, so I will, no I won't. Thanx again RAMS.

Your sneaze
Geff Duff

P.S. Mum was so proud — she's disowned me again.

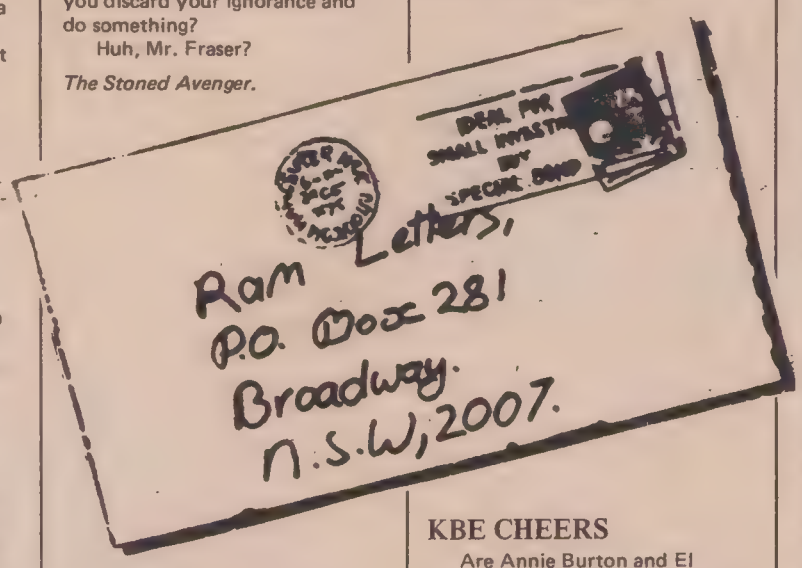
DRUGS (1)

Recently, as we all know, the police have been very active in all states of Australia. The target? You guessed it, marijuana. What the police and the governments (who are pushing these major busts) don't realise is that by taking away the dope they are more or less helping kids to put needles into their arms. In Sydney alone, I've seen kids go to score grass and if they're unsuccessful they usually settle for smack which is much more readily available to them.

Since the dope drought, I've seen friends of mine progressing rapidly to the realm of drug addiction. Now, the main excuse for the outlawing of marijuana is it leads to hard drugs. Well sure, some people do progress from soft drugs to hard drugs. But by taking the soft drugs away you are leaving only one choice — hard drugs. Mr. Fraser, we are from different generations and different backgrounds but why not try to understand and work out this problem. While there are no jobs available and young kids have nothing to do, you're going to have a high incidence of drug abuse. How many more young kids are you going to pick up dead in the gutter before you discard your ignorance and do something?

Huh, Mr. Fraser?

The Stoned Avenger.



Yeah, we get a few letters like this, and last RAM we noted how strange there's suddenly a spate of marijuana and hash busts, but no big hauls of heroin. It's enough to set a Watergate Generation mind to thoughts of conspiracy. But why ask Fraser to do something about it through our magazine? Do you think he reads us? It's enough to make us think there's a file on us somewhere in Canberra.

DRUGS (2)

For the past few weeks drugs have featured a lot in the media. Drug commissions, drugs hauls and arrests etc.

And I am completely shat off by it all. The Governments think they're curing the drug problem this way. They aren't. And never will unless they begin attacking the demand instead of the supply.

Most kids start on drugs 'cos they think it's tough. They're never told about the side-effects. If a national drug education course was started in schools, people might think twice.

George Q. Wobbledick.

They might not either. We did alcohol education courses at school but alcohol abuse is still No. 1 on the Teenage OD parade.

NEWC

Just thought I'd write to tell you that Newcastle is FUCKED. More exciting stuff soon.

The Masked Pom

Your ticket to Brisbane is waiting at the reception desk.

YE GODZ (I)

This year's final promises to be the most thrilling yet since the event's initiation about eight years ago. Already several of the twenty eight or so finalists have been ruthlessly but permanently murdered, it is believed by a group of vicious, hard-core Transvestites with their eyes on the prize purse of $1000 and a life size poster of Mick Jagger suitable for framing or masturbating in front of. The latest victim of this vicious, no-holds barred struggle for the titles is Oscar Marilyn Bruce, a 26 year old part-time necrophiliac and . . .

Yours,
XYZ

That's enough of that, *thank you.*

YE GODZ (II)

The contest was in full swing when Bruce accidentally intruded, and before the young necrophiliac could say 'Bring out your dead', he was foully slain by a series of well placed technicolour yawns to the head and chest regions. Only a very small portion of the remains of the young man was recovered, and . . . .

Yours again
XYZ

I said THAT'S ENOUGH!!

KBE CHEERS

Are Annie Burton and El Antonio De O'Grady masochistic or something???? I mean, putting in a reader's survey in Issue 78. Can't you imagine all the nauseating, crude, not to mention dumb answers that you're going to receive from all us desperados?? Oh well, suppose you know what you're letting yourselves in for anyway. None of my bloody business really.

Saw Kevin Borich Express the other night. WHAT A GUITARIST!! WHAT A DRUMMER!! WHAT A BASSIST!! Considering the venue, which was a lousy, south-eastern pub noted for it's teeny-bopper type audience, they were absolutely fantastic. They did the best rendition of *Little Red Rooster* around, and John Annas did a great drum solo. BLOODY BRILLIANT THEY WERE.

Dedicated Borich Fan
Cheltenham, Vic.

Jeeze Harry, shove this one on the Letters Page, it's a cheerful reader.

DISCO

The Disco section of Vinylising is beginning to take over Vinylising. Please put an end to this mindless bullshit. There hasn't been a decent disco record since Gloria Gaynor's *You Never Can Say Goodbye.* There's been some good imitations, but I think reviewing records by imitators who imitate imitators is absolutely useless. Your reviewer seems enthralled by the idea of Disco.

G. Harrison

P.S. Sack Glenn Cizano or make him review decent rock 'n' roll.
P.P.S. Death to Disco.

Mabel, Ah tol' yew dem pesky niggers gettin' peskier. Dey be trying to take ovah t'world Mabel.

FAN-LOVE

This is for the girls who get hung up on rock stars. I am 15, female, and have the same problem and heartache in regard to a particular rock star. I've had this "love" for him for a year now and had the same dreams and problems but I really blew it for myself.

The only guys that I would go for were the ones who reminded me of this particular rock star and they were hard to find.

There were some guys who liked me but I turned them off, and now I'm lonely and have been for a year.

I have finally realized that this "love" is just an infatuation and I know I'll never meet him personally. I still have the same feeling for him and I still cry at night but I don't let fantasy get in the way of reality 'cuz it makes me more lonelier in real life.

"What is and what should have never been"
Sydney

Office betting as to identity of heart-throb: 3-2 Marc Hunter, 4-1 Angry Anderson, 25-1 Johnny Dole.

BADGE

How long till people start wearing "Boring Was Last Year's Thing" badges?

Adam 5.

What we really need is a **"Badges Are Last Year's Boring Thing"** *badge.*

CLASSIC

Gee whiz, am I frustrated. I haven't met anyone who likes any Iggy Pop, Blue Oyster Cult, Birdman or Aerosmith among others. The wonderful city of Mackay must have the biggest percentage of people who buy mass produced crap anywhere in the Bjelke-Free-State. So if there are any girls between 16-22 in the same dilemna how about writing, 'cos I want a pen friend. Just write to Jim McKay M/S 283 Louisa Creek via Mackay, 4740.

Harry, shove this one in the Classifieds section and charge the usual rate of 20c a word . . .

PISTOLS

The Sex Pistols' music is based on an emotional reaction to so-called "Boring old farts" and an environment which is (or was) screwing them up. Such reaction *demands* violent expression to be convincing (and I for one refuse to believe that all the Brits who bought their records were "fooled").

True, there is no political climate in Oz that lends itself to such reaction (although sometimes I wonder) but so what? There are people here who love high-energy music and stuff the politix. Who do you think go to see Radio Birdman? Eagles fans?

I mean, I don't care whether *Anarchy In The U.K.* is the record of the 70's" or not (that, by the way, is the sort of hype that destroyed the Pistols and many other more-and less-important bands). I like them for the delirious rush of energy that they, and the Clash and the Ramones and the MC5 and the Stooges and Radio Birdman all are/were.

But what the hell. As Annie Burton said, there should be no reason for anyone to have to justify his/her musical taste.

Yours bitterly,
A lazy sod.

And you're not justifying, you're proud. Right?

OH YEAH?

Having just come back from overseas after a five year trek and seeing some mighty concerts, I was surprised at the way Oz music had advanced. People like Richard Clapton, Jo Jo Zep and Skyhooks are the greatest talents in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Moonlight Knight.

Sure, thanks for nothing, you patriot you.

KISS & MAKE-UP?

I am sick and tired of people discriminating against Kiss. Kiss have tried and succeeded in saving rock'n'roll by painting their faces and blowing up their set in fire, smoke, snow, and confetti. They did this because a lot of people were bored by the decadent music and performance by ordinary rockers.

Private Shark Meat,
Kiss Army.

Come back Bay City Roller fans, all is forgiven.

KINK

Last issue's letter page was phenomenal, except some silly irrational slimy turds persist in inflicting their righteous personal views about groups. Take Snob, Annie Boobs, Gripes etc.

All rock music is basically good. No one is right or wrong — it is purely a matter of subjective taste, (or objective if you're a fuckin' scientist) But if you don't like New York Dolls, Nico, Lou Reed and The Doors, then you aren't really human and my message to you is to O.D. hanging upside down from the ground with your head cut off with four gallons of oil up your arse.

Signed
Colin Contradiction.

All mutilation is good — Marquis De Sade

MUM

Today my teenage son and I acquired two new records — one, courtesy RAM magazine, t'other FAREWELL TO KINGS by Rush. Having played the first, we turned with some relief to the second and enjoyed forty minutes of excellent music. I then looked up RAM's review of the record (I never read reviews of either records or films first, the one tells you too little, the other too much!) only to find a right royal roast.

Your magazine is just about the only medium in this country for rock — as opposed to top 40 — news and reviews; however, for reasons best known to yourself it has been on a punk kick these past few months which is spoiling your objectivity when listening to other kinds of music. Has nobody learned anything from the early trials and tribulations of T-Rex, Jethro Tull, Cream etc., all bands originally damned as unmusical, too far out, derivative etc. Bands like RUSH are no more gimmicky than SUPERTRAMP, more musical than KISS, use better lyrics than Richard Clapton and draw on as great a classical background as Rick W., and deserve better treatment in your magazine than that crude ya-boo in last December's issue.

Yours in sorrow & disgust,
Lyla Williams.

If you think Rush are a new band you're lying about your age mum. Take a cuppa Milo and a copy of RAM No 62 to bed and read something nice about Rush in RAM. And stop grizzling.

Would you believe that's all for this page this issue. Did you know you have to be extra clever or extra dumb to get on the RAM letter's page. Delay no longer. Write today.

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ADELAIDE . . .

Stale news or not, ELO played at Westlakes with as much polish as Frank Sinatra and as much spirit as an empty bottle of metho. Their light show, after you got over the laser novelty, was as exciting as a 40 watt globe in its death throes, but 24,000 odd received their $10 worth even if only 20% could see more than the matchbox toy equivalent of rock 'n' roll musicians. Westlakes remains Adelaide's worst venue — but largest — and you know which criteria makes money. Heaven forbid seeing Dylan there.

Tickets for THE Man went on sale 9am Monday morning after numerous had queued from Friday afternoon onwards — swelling to hundreds in the hours before Allans opened their hallowed halls. *The Advertiser* dutifully reported *"There was no impression of an economic recession in Gawler Place yesterday as the fans queued for Bob Dylan tickets."* Dole Bludgers don't go to rock concerts do they?? What was interesting was the number of 'punks' in attendance from early in the procedure. Aren't they the ones who are supposed to despise the superstar idiom and its associations??

Causing much attention in Adelaide is a new shop, *Modern Love Songs,* named after Jonathan from Beserkley Records. MLS is run by 'Uncle' Beau and his loyal off-sider Neal, and specialises in this new fangled/wave music, along with masses of every other kind of 'dare we call it?' music. What is strangest is the amount of paraphernalia that sells so fast — and costs the earth. I wonder when I see people in $10 imported (from New York of course) T-shirts — especially when they bear logos from bands like the Tuff Darts — now come on cobber, the Tuff Darts has had 3 (three) only tracks on the CBGB's compilation an' they weren't all that crash hot — ya can't like them that much. Aside from this MLS carries voluminous amounts of badges, T-shirts, posters and fanzines. As the man says "They're not cheap but they're REAL rare."

MLS is a really healthy change for Adelaide. Speedy arrivals of new releases and a staff that knows about music . . . they had the REAL Elvis while other shops still thought his surname was Presley. MLS has set a standard for shops in the Athens of the South, and gee mate is my discount 15% now????

Riff Raff (see last issue's Ligging) have taken a month's rest with singer Danny and guitarist Gregg going to Melbourne to see how things are, with a view to the other members joining them there.

Whilst Riff Raff were rotting — unknown and unloved — the band getting all the attention has been Mickey Finn. The line up is Mauri Berg (guitar), Joff Bateman (drums), Bill McMahon (not related) (bass) and the legendary Uncle on harmonia and vocals. Mauri played in yesteryear Adelaide bands Headband and Fraternity, Joff just with Headband, and Uncle with both. The band's music is 100% written and composed by themselves combining raucus country rock with a late sixties Hendrix/Cream feel. Uncle's vocals and stage movements lend themselves to Captain Beefheart comparisons as he growls, crouches, struggles and falls about on stage uttering more sounds than words.

The band has been drawing consistently larger crowds at the Tivoli on Thursday night to a predominantly older audience who seem to revel in a musical recreation of way back then — played with a verocity and presentation far from ancient. Mickey Finn were featured on FM radio recently with some excellent tapes made in an amazing 'studio' downstairs at Joff and Uncle's house. The room would be claustrophobic to a fly but somehow they managed to fit enough equipment and recording gear into the place to turn out some pretty stunning tapes — sufficient for Alberts in Sydney to invite the band up to do some recording, with a view to an album.

Mickey Finn's nights at the Tivoli have turned into real festive occasions with a 'star' attraction each week (of sorts) — the last three being a magician, an unannounced showing of Fritz the Cat, and the unexpected arrival of Barry McAskill (The Bear) on stage for a number. All this being a much better way to wait for a band to come on than staring into your glass and pondering philosophical dilemmas. Mickey Finn seem the 'band most likely to succeed' at present, and they deserve to. After his long years with Fraternity, Headband and numerous other combinations, Uncle makes no pretences — "We want to make it with this band." And no one who's rock and rolled a night at the Tiv enraptured at the band's playing and Uncle's stage antics and exhilarating harmonica playing, would begrudge them a share of fame and fortune.

Skyhooks are here at present, Richard Clapton has just left, Crossfire, Sports, Stiletto and Flying Tackle grace the barns and pits in the next weeks. Rocturnal on FM has ended. I hope someone is happy, but keep sending those cards, letters and petitions in — we'll get it back somehow.

Stuart Coupe.

PERTH . . .

White Jam is a pretty unfortunate name for a band.

To me, it conjures up horrific visions of a home-bottling effort that's gone rancid after six months of sitting on the shelf 'cos no one's game to taste it. And from a musical point of view the connotations are even worse — images spring to mind of a dedicated group of young musicians bent on showing their virtuosity to all and sundry, backs to the audience and strained grimaces on their faces as they plod their way through forty minute improvisations based on obscure Hendrix tune-up techniques.

So it was that I approached this group with utter caution and earplugs, not to mention an ample amount of Dutch courage.

First impressions were bad. Two guitarists, one looked thoroughly intense and was sitting nervously in a chair at the side of the stage. And a meticulous tune-up session did little to calm fears. No doubt about it this was going to be one of those nights, just like it said in the advertisement *"redneck rock'n'roll"*. An evening of Johnny Winter revisited. Help.

Well, they *did* play the blooze and it *was* redneck but, thank God, they played it straight. No tedious solos, just melody lines and the odd bits of tasty filler. Even the bod on the chair was straight. It was great music to drink beer to, almost as good as Chain's *Towards the Blues* album. No need to concentrate 'cos you've heard all the riffs a thousand times before and the bass line seems almost constant throughout. Uptempo, danceable, enjoyable, and competent.

Visually they ain't got much to offer, but who watches a R&B group anyway? Mind you, the singer-cum-saxist does have a receding blonde topper that adds authenticity to his wailing. Sort of gives that impression that he's seen one wave too many, which in turn goes down well with the audience seeing as how, generally, they've got a salty tang about them as well. Maybe this is where Dave Hole's (local guitar idol) fan club goes to when he's not about. Anyway, everyone seemed happy enough with the goings on so things look sweet for White Jam.

On a more sour note — the Suburban single has now been held up for four months. What good's a summer single going to be in the middle of autumn? Someone in the record cutting business in Melbourne sucks.

Dave Martin

BRISBANE . . .

Due to the efforts of FM station, 4ZZZ, the stagnating entertainment scene finally got off the ground for the year with two swinging 'Joint Efforts' held at the Uni. Joint Effort No 1 was hip easy listening nite: the four bands featured — Trumps, Abraxas, Steam Radio and White Lightning — were proven uni/head crowd pullers.

Unfortunately for the crowd of over 1,000, the first nite was disappointing. Trumps and Steam Radio played like they were in need of many months' rehearsals. The audience sat motionless on the floor wishing the next band would come on. Abraxas, with a set of Supertramp, Eagles and Alan Parsons' material, were reminiscent of Moonlight two years ago. Still, they have knocked off the rough edges and are, in one sense, quite competent even if their bag is derivative.

The salvation of Joint Effort No 1 was a raw and earthy R&B set from White Lightning. They managed to whip up considerable enthusiasm — their fast and furious versions of R&B classics left the joint screaming and stomping for more.

At both nites 2JJ's comedian/singer, James Griffin, amused the crowd between sets, with bawdy and cynical sing-along fun songs. *Marijuana Joint Found On The Scene* and *I Guess I've Forgotten How To Screw* were well received.

The second nite was billed as "new wave" and again, a large crowd of over 900 turned out to see the two most promising rock'n'roll bands in Brisbane, The Survivors and Neon Steel, supported by Metro Taxi and Carnival.

Formerly known as The Grudge, the new-look Neon Steel were indeed impressive. *Yellow Cake* and *Teenage Depression* wound the crowd to fever pitch.

Metro Taxi, on the other hand, blew their gig by taking a half-hour to tune up on stage.

Gallons of booze had been consumed by the time the headliners, The Survivors, took the stage. And a fair bit of needle had broken out between the hippies and punks. As per usual Survivors came out full-on and blew the place apart. I'm sure several laid-back onlookers were splattered against the wall as they turned the hall into one writhing mass of sweaty rock'n'roll degeneracy — a good time was 'ad by all.

The Survivors by the way have just signed up to have their first single *Baby Come Back* released on a compilation album from Suicide Records.

Ross Gardiner

WORKSHOPS, GOOD CAUSES, ETC.

A set-up calling themselves Intrasound, allied with Music Man (the guys who bring you those wunnerful guitar amps and stuff), have decided to stage a series of 'mini concerts' over the next six months. The idea is to put on a concert for one to two thousand people, using a number of bands. Their first effort will be at Paddington Town Hall on March 17, with Wasted Daze, Pinto and Squeeze. But the plan is to move the concerts around the outer suburbs of Sydney, where entertainment is at a premium. The next Intrasound effort will be at Blacktown. The targets after that are Parramatta, and maybe Penrith. Their door price will be $3, for a minimum of three bands each time, plus yer usual light show, compere etc. All the fun of a local venue without the attendant hassles . . .

A series of workshops for rock musicians have started in Sydney. They're run by the Middle Earth Creative Arts Association at 12 Wentworth Street, Manly. The current two courses cover Music Theory and PA/Stage Technology. The courses are nine-one hour lectures/demonstrations. Enquiries or reservations: (02) 977-5600.

(Workshops, benefits and other good ideas/causes can get free space in Ligging. Write or phone RAM).

CLASSIFIEDS:

FOR SALE: Tapes — Scaggs, Mac, ELO live in Sydney. High quality tape used. $12.00 each. HADES GPO Box 2277, Sydney, 2001.

BAND FOR SALE: Five years old, very experienced. If management interests you come and listen. No way will you be disappointed. Also **ROADIE** with small van. Good times to come. Phone (02) 59 3784.

If you are a good keyboard player and have some faith in your unusual talents, and know what a good band is, then you will ring us and arrange for an audition. Ray (02) 36 4987. "We must be honest".

FEMALE GUITARIST: All girl group with NEW WAVE slant need enthusiastic guitarist (02) 31 2275.

Established Sydney rock band urgently require exceptional front man/Lead singer. No time wasters, you must be good. Phone (02) 33 5261.

Attention all budding songwriters or bands, we at Mayfair Records are looking for good original music. Good money for good material. Further details ring Tim Pratten (02) 371 5178.

Craig Collinge, ex Manfred Mann, Alan Price, Fleetwood Mac, etc. Now teaching drums (02) 412 1163.

Lead guitarist wishes to join or form rock group. Must be 17-20. Experience not essential. Phone Steve (02) 349 5283, 5-7 weeknights.

FOR SALE: Mellotron (two sets of tapes); ARP pro-soloist synthesizer; 200 watt Quantum amp; 100 watt Leslie: Prices negotiable. Phone (062) 86 4056.

BEACH BOYS FANS: Want to be more involved. Join the Fan Club — (02) 76 6031 — California Music.

Record Auction: Oldies 50's to 70's including some 78 rpm. Stamp for list please. Kevin Rutschack, Box 978, GPO, Adelaide, SA, 5001.

Quo's Army, PO Box 63, Hawthorn, Vic, 3122.

Wanted: bass player aged 17-21 for progressive jazz rock band with recording deal in sight. Must be keen. Phone (02) 337 4610, (02) 337 4155.

For Sale: Organ: Farfisa, double manual and portable, plus Leslie. Both excellent condition. For great value phone (02) 337 4610, (02) 337 4155.

MUSICIANS WANTED: Keyboard and bass player wanted for original hard rocky punchy commercially minded band. Emphasis on confidence and stage presentation. Writing and/or vocal ability an advantage. Cross between Foreigner, LRB, TMG, etc. Quality equipment essential. We have good rehearsal facilities and hard-working simple approach. All enquiries appreciated. Phone David (02) 44 6217.

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LIGGING

(Ligging: cruising around, checking out the action)

SYDNEY . . .

KBE/RICHARD CLAPTON

On the face of it, a double bill of Kevin Borich and Richard Clapton hasn't got *fantastic* compatibility. Kevin with his inner core of bronzed male fans, everyone of 'em a closet guitar hero: and Richard with *his* inner circle of admirers — earnest, gentle-looking people with a penchant towards glasses and studious expressions. Ah! but Kevin and Rich do share the same management who are to be congratulated for throwing a State Theatre prestige gig for these two, to break the slog of pubs and clubs. A Sunday night State Theatre prestige gig is actually a tradition stretching back many a year. The artists are inspired to put in that extra spurt of effort for the loyal fans who come prepared to be that little more enthusiastic. Traditionally, the acts can also include *concert* type material, their set is not dictated entirely by the pub/club dictum *'If yer can't dance to it, give it the arse'.*

Yep, it was tradition all over again at the State on Sunday. The audience was archetypally rock-scruffy, the 20 minute interval stretched to a generous 35 minutes, the lights flashed on and off eagerly enough but hardly ever in sync with the music. Another tradition, scrappy sound didn't happen. At least, in audience-land about the only disturbance was the occasional bummer from the musicians themselves.

Up on stage it seemed to be a different story. At least El Clappo said it was comprehensively shithouse and walked off stage. "Heh, heh" he said when he came back "Apparently it's OK out there. It just sounds like Hiroshima up here."

No, it wasn't Richard's best ever night.

Borich had his usual good one. He's hard to put down is Kevin. He'll reel off a solo containing well-honed riff after well-honed derivitive riff then he'll turn around at the coda and pour out a guitar phrase so anguished and emotional he just about tears yer heart apart. Facile skill *and* geniune passion yet, this boy is natural born hero fodder.

Anthony O'Grady

ROSE TATTOO

The punters who frequent the Stage Door Tavern are becoming a pretty volatile crowd these days. Especially when confronted by the bulldozing power chords of Rose Tattoo. On the dance floor they pogo, shake and sweat it all away. And when the musak gets an airing during the breaks, they sit down. Strange things indeed.

Usually, it's the other way around. Act cool and suck more piss while the band's slogging its guts out. But with the Tatts you ain't got no choice but to get into it.

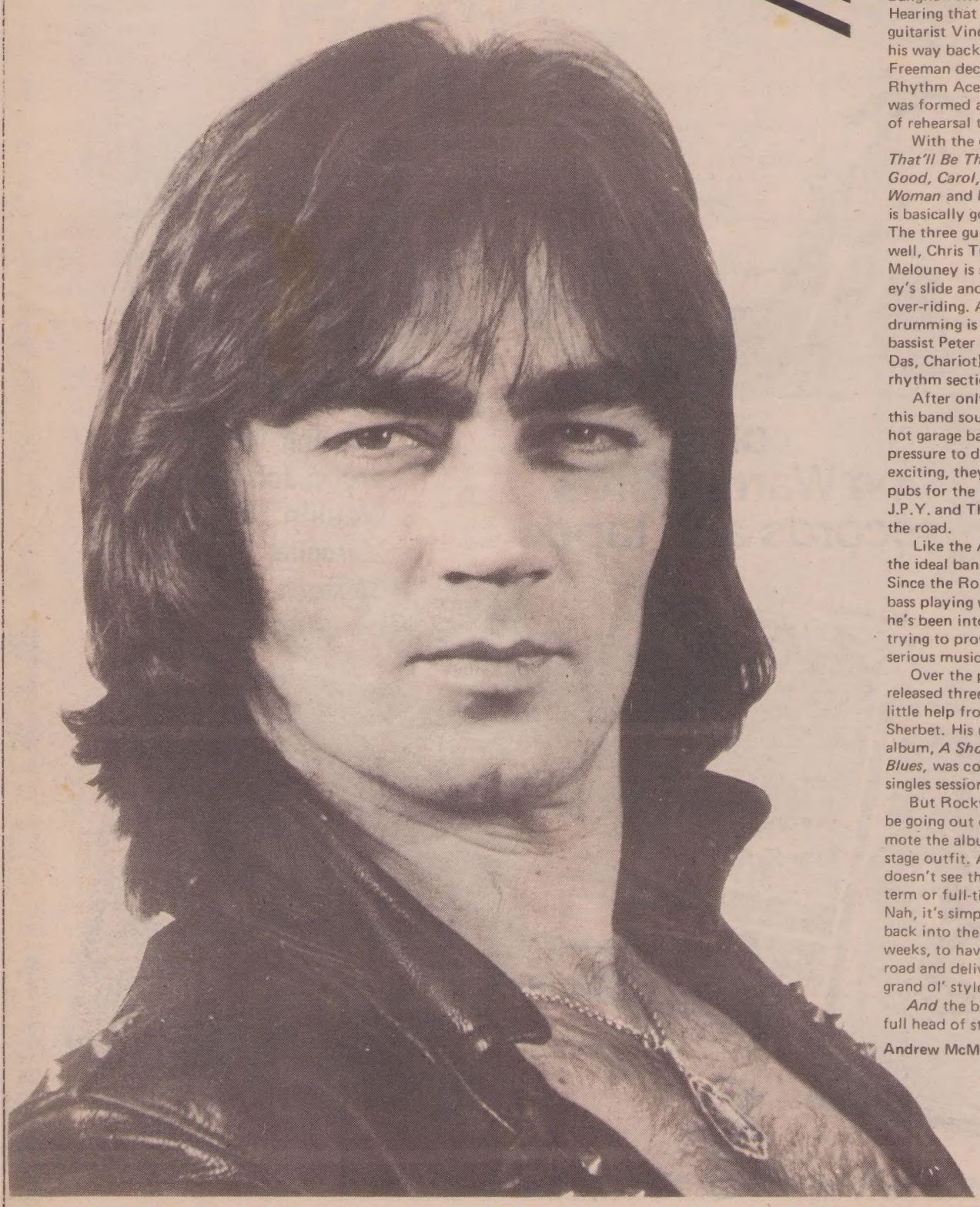
For one, their sound system is great. Secondly, they've acquired a new bass player which allows them to revert to the double guitar line-up that just drives you to dance through their version of The Kinks *You Really Got Me* or *Goin' Down.* Their new bassist is Geordie Leech, formerly of Angry Anderson's old band Buster Brown. He hasn't been doing much regular work over the past couple of years. But then, what band other than Rose Tattoo would feel comfortable if you were in Buster Brown?

Consequently, the rhythm section is among the tightest and most powerful in the land. Pure bricks. A dose of reality in a world of Star Whores fantasy. This is what rock 'n' roll should be all about. First time I saw the Tatts I liked 'em sure, but they were a poor man's AC/DC. Today, they're on their own. Especially when it comes to something like *Snow Queen,* the b-side to *Bad Boy (For Love).* It's the unequalled power of that song that's heralded interest from Stiff Records (the mob who gave you the flexi-disc).

And there's more to come. This week, Rose Tattoo are entering the studio to begin work on their debut album. Hopefully Vanda and Young will do the rhythm section justice.

Andrew McMillan

BAND OF THE WEEK



ROCKWELL T. JAMES AND THE RHYTHM ACES — Bondi Lifesaver, Sydney.

With John Paul Young off the road for a couple of months, his rhythm guitarist Rockwell T. James formed his own band.

The idea came up when tour manager Howard Freeman was in Bangkok with Sherbet recently. Hearing that the former Bee Gees guitarist Vince Melouney was on his way back from England, Freeman decided to get the Rhythm Aces together. The band was formed and after four nights of rehearsal they hit the road.

With the onus on old hits like *That'll Be The Day, Johnny B. Good, Carol, Honky Tonk Woman* and *Wanderer,* the show is basically good time rock'n'roll. The three guitar line-up of Rockwell, Chris Turner and Vince Melouney is solid, with Melouney's slide and Turner's lead over-riding. Ace Wellington's drumming is crisp and with solid bassist Peter Roberts (ex La De Das, Chariot) contributing the rhythm section's together.

After only four rehearsals, this band sounded good. A crash hot garage band devoid of the pressure to do anything new 'n' exciting, they'll be filling the pubs for the next few weeks until J.P.Y. and The All Stars return to the road.

Like the All Stars, the Aces is the ideal band for Rockwell. Since the Ronnie Peel days of bass playing with the La De Das, he's been into having fun without trying to prove himself as a serious musician/artiste.

Over the past two years he's released three singles, with a little help from his mates in Sherbet. His recently released album, *A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues,* was compiled from those singles sessions.

But Rockwell doesn't seem to be going out of his way to promote the album with this new stage outfit. And he certainly doesn't see the Aces as a long-term or full-time proposition. Nah, it's simply a chance to get back into the pubs for a few weeks, to have some fun on the road and deliver the goods in a grand ol' style.

And the band cooks with a full head of steam.

Andrew McMillan

MELBOURNE . . .

Word moves fast through the streets of Melbourne. The latest word is Red Hot Peppers (Well, three words anyway).

R.H. Peppers were a top draw-card in N.Z. before coming to Oz nine months ago and having instant effect on the Melbourne pub circuit.

Little snippets of conversation like "caught them down the coast recently — this is a band to watch" and "did you see them at the London last night!" at least prove they're memorable.

Red Hot Peppers are also a reviewer's nightmare — there are so many influences, so many styles. The band has stemmed from country roots and sprouted shoots in every direction till it encompasses flavours of reggae, ragtime, blues, folk and rock and roll. Yet somehow all their influences cohese into a powerful, sometimes raunchy, sometimes fragile, well-baked sound that is essentially individualistic.

The five-piece band are led by Robbie Laven who sports a weird and wonderful menagerie of medieval and primitive instruments. Vocalist Marion Arts has a pleasant and versatile voice encompassing shades of both Joni Mitchell and Janis Joplin. (*Mutant of a generation? — ed*).

The group's renditions of *Hit The Road Jack* and *Do-Re-Mi* were thumping, raunchy and rock solid.

Despite a no frills stage act, Red Hot Peppers have a presence that has audiences sashaying and stomping in the aisles during tunes like *Heebie Jeebies* — a crazy ragtime ditty gutsed up with sax and banjo — yet sitting and appreciating the band's musicianship during numbers like *Angel* in which they sprinkled a little gold dust over enraptured liggers.

This is a band to watch. For the Red Hot Peppers have got too much going for them to appear at your local pizza stand or pub for very much longer.

Andrea Jones

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Leaving This Town
Sloop John B
Wouldn't It Be Nice
Marcella
California Girl
plus-ten more

ALSO AVAILABLE

15 BIG ONES MS 2251

HOLLAND MS 2118

THE BEACH BOYS LOVE YOU MSK 2258

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Enjoy Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGD

National Nitelife

MELBOURNE

PROSPECT HILL HOTEL – High St. Kew
11 *Red Hot Peppers (afternoon) Gypsy (evening)*
13 *Sidewinder*
14 *Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons*
15 *Tourists*
16 *Octopus*
18 *Red Hot Peppers (afternoon) Gypsy (evening)*
21 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*
22 *Stylus*
23 *Octopus*

MARTINIS – Rathdowne St. Carlton
10 *Billy T*
11 *Ray Burton & The Nightflyers*
14 *Red Hot Peppers*
15 *Living Legends*
16 *Dave Warner From The Suburbs*
17 *Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons*
18 *Stiletto*
21 *Red Hot Peppers*
22 *Living Legends*
23 *Sports*

KINGSTON HOTEL – Highett St. Richmond
10 *Paul Kelly & The High Rise Bombers*
11 *Parachute*
15 *Spitfire*
16 *Dealers Choice*
17 *Paul Kelly & The High Rise Bombers*
18 *Sidewinder*
22 *Spitfire*
23 *Dealers Choice*

BANANAS – Esplanade, St. Kilda
10 *Cold Chisel/Living Legends*
11 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock/Daniel*
12 *Sidewinder/Last Chance Cafe*
13 *X Ray Z/Boys Next Door/Teenage Radio Stars/Jab*
14 *Red Hot Peppers*
15 *One Night Stand/Sidewinder*
16 *Last Chance Cafe*
17 *Rose Tattoo/Texas*
18 *Sidewinder/High Rise Bombers*
19 *Stiletto/Parachute*
20 *Boys Next Door/X Ray Z/Teenage Radio Stars/Jab*
21 *Red Hot Peppers*
22 *One Night Stand*
23 *Last Chance Cafe*
24 *Sports – commences midnight for Good Friday*
25 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*

LONDON TAVERN – Hawthorne Rd. Caulfield
10 *Cold Chisel*
11 *Sports*
13 *Manning*
14 *Sidewinder*
15 *Red Hot Peppers*
16 *One Night Stand*
17 *Rose Tattoo*
18 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*
20 *Manning*
21 *Billy T*
22 *Red Hot Peppers*
23 *One Night Stand*
25 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*

STATION HOTEL – Greville St. Prahran
10 *Rum Jungle*
11 *Cold Chisel (afternoon) Blue Rockets (evening)*
14 *Hot Air Band*
16 *Hit 'N' Run*
17 *Avalanche*
18 *Moose Malone (afternoon) Blue Rockets (evening)*
21 *Kell Kingswood & The Immortals*
23 *Stylus*
25 *Some Dream (afternoon) Blue Rockets (evening)*

BOMBAY ROCK – 1 Phoenix St. Brunswick
10 *Mother Goose/Mondo Rock/Last Chance Cafe*
11 *Stars/Sports/One Night Stand*
15 *Texas/Steela*
16 *Boys Next Door/Jab/Teenage Radio Stars*
17 *Red Hot Peppers/Dave Warner From The Suburbs/Boys Next Door/Glynn Mason*
18 *Rose Tattoo/Kevin Borich Express/X Ray Z*

SYDNEY

FRENCH'S WINE BAR – Oxford St. Darlinghurst
10 *Layabouts*
11 *Jupiter (afternoon) Salamon (evening)*
13 *Savannah Silver Band*
14 *Midnight Oil*
15 *Cyril B. Bunter Band*
16 *Foreday Riders*
17 *Toons*
18 *Jupiter (afternoon) Grafitti (evening)*
20 *Big Swifty*
21 *Midnight Oil*
22 *Cyril B. Bunter Band*
23 *Foreday Riders*

SOUTH SYDNEY JUNIOR LEAGUES CLUB
10,11 *Origin*
16 *As It Is*
17 *Beagle Boys*
18 *Garbo*
23 *Taxi*
24 *Coco*

WESTOWER TAVERN – 101 Westfield Shopping Tower, Parramatta
10,11 *Magic*
16 *Garbo*
17 *Executives*
18 *Beagle Boys*

CARLTON REX HOTEL – Castlereagh St. City
10 *Squeeze*
15 *Beagle Boys*
16 *Mr. George*
17 *Garbo*
22,23 *Executives*

MUSICIANS CLUB – 94 Chalmers St. City
10,11,12 *Leon Berger/Barry Leef Band*
13,15 *Faye Lewis*
17,18,19,20 *Leon Berger/Barry Leef Band*

GATTIES – New South Head Rd. Double Bay
10,11 *Afrika*

STAGE DOOR TAVERN – Cnr Castlereagh & Campbell Sts. City
10 *Angels*
11 *Ayers Rock*
15 *Grafitti*
16 *Bilgola Bop Band*
17 *Sports*
23 *Agraphobia*

WAR & PEACE – 410 Church St. Parramatta
10 *Karma*
11 *Karma*
12 *Skyhooks*
14 *Barry Leef Band*
15 *Ayers Rock*
16-18 *Dr. Syndicate*
19 *Cold Chisel*
21 *Windchase*
22 *Richard Clapton*
23 *South Harlem Concerto*

WHITE HORSE HOTEL – Edgecliff
11 *Mighty Little*
13 *Beagles*
14 *Skaan*
15 *Kerry Biddell*
16 *Maggie MacKinney*
18 *Mighty Little*

GRAND HOTEL – Central Station
10 *Johnny Dole & The Scabs/Tommy & The Dipsticks*
11 *World War IV*

OCEANIC HOTEL – Cnr Carr & Arden Sts, Coogee
10,11 *Coco*
15 *Afrika*
17 *Coco*
18 *Johnny O'Keefe*
22 *As It Is*

ADELAIDE

TIVOLI HOTEL – Pirie St.
15 *Chris Finnen Band*
16 *Mickey Finn*
21 *Sidewinder*
22 *Chris Finnen Band*
23 *Mickey Finn*
28 *Billy T*
29 *Chris Finnen Band*

LORD MELBOURNE HOTEL – Melbourne St.
16 *Schmoe/Sue Barker & The Onions*
17 *Clean Cut*
18 *The Habbit*
23 *Schmoe/Sue Barker & The Onions*
24 *Rum Jungle*
25 *Clean Cut*

FLINDERS UNIVERSITY
17 *Mondo Rock/Flying Tackle/supports*

MARRYATVILLE HOTEL – Kensington Rd.
16-18 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*
23/25 *Sidewinder*

ARKABAR HOTEL – Glen Osmond Rd.
15-19 *Feather*
21-26 *Moonlight*
28/29 *Manning*

ST. LEONARDS HOTEL
15 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*
22 *Sidewinder*

BLAZES I – Hindley St.
15,16,24,25,26 *Big Broadcast Of '78/Glitter Sisters*

OLD LION HOTEL – Melbourne St.
15-18 *Trevor White*
22-29 *Peter Dean & The Dean Brothers' Band*

ALDGATE PUMP HOTEL – Aldgate
19,26 *Soapbox Orchestra*

FIESTA VILLA HOTEL
15-18 *The Echoes*
22 *The Raiders*
26 *Ben*
29 *Muskat*

LEG TRAP HOTEL
15 *Jonathon Court*
16 *The Raiders*
22 *Talent Quest*
23 *The Four Reasons*

LARGS PIER HOTEL
19 *Ross Wilson's Mondo Rock*

RUGGER'S DISCO
19 *Ferrets*
26 *Chalice/Tomlin*

RED HOUSE DISCO
17 *Andy Upton/Crisis*

BRIGHTON HOTEL
17 *Rhapsodies*
18 *Harvest*
25 *Hotline*

PETER JACKSON HOTEL
16 *Arrow*
17 *Gamble*
18 *Static*

ROYAL HOTEL
17,24 *Hot Chicken*

OVERWAY HOTEL
16 *Vision*
17,18 *Westminster Bridge Band*
23 *Vision*
24,26 *Westminster Bridge Band*

SEACLIFF HOTEL
15,18,22,26 *Red Eye*

BRISBANE

PRINCE ALFRED HOTEL – Booval
13-19 *Jimmy and the Boys*
20 *Skyhooks*
21-26 *Jimmy and the Boys*

HOMESTEAD HOTEL – Zillmere Rd. Zillmere.
13-15 *Magnum*
16 *Skyhooks*
17-26 *Magnum*

MAMIES – Brunswick St. Fortitude Valley.
13-26 *Stax*

TOP OF THE STATE – SGIO Building, City.
13-26 *Crossroad*

PIPPS – Elizabeth St. City.
13-26 *Bleep*

NATIONAL HOTEL – Queen St. City.
13-14 *Cheek*
15 *Skyhooks*
16-26 *Cheek*

JINDALEE HOTEL – Centenary Highway, Jindalee
13 *Heart and Soul*
14 *Skyhooks*
15-22 *Heart and Soul*
23 *Mother Goose*
24-26 *Heart and Soul*

JET CLUB – Coolangatta
13-16 *Flight*
17 *Skyhooks*
18-26 *Flight*

ROCKHAMPTON
13-26 *Impulse*

TOWNSVILLE
13-26 *Felix*

CAIRNS
13-26 *Everton Park*

AIRLIE BEACH
13-19 *Gunsmoke*
20-26 *Brooklyn*

GREAT KEPPEL ISLAND
13-19 *Studs, All Weather Band*
20-26 *All Weather Band*

CLEVELAND SANDS HOTEL – Main St., Cleveland.
18 *Skyhooks*

EAST'S LEAGUES CLUB – East Brisbane
19 *Skyhooks*

PLAYROOM – Gold Coast Highway, Tallebudgera.
24-26 *Mother Goose*

GEORGE HOTEL – George St. City.
17-18 *Touch*
22 *Mother Goose, Time Warp*
24-25 *Touch*

ST. IGNATIUS – Toowong
18 *Bootlace*

RITZ BALLROOM – Petrie Bight
18 *Friends, Time Warp, Shotgun*

QUEENSLAND UNIVERSITY – St. Lucia
17 *Friends*

PERTH
Major rock venues

City Hotel – King St. Perth. 3214094
Civic Hotel – 981 Beaufort St. Inglewood. 2721011
White Sands – 23 Hastings St. Scarborough. 3411122
Steve's Hotel – 171 Broadway, Nedlands. 3861340
Broadway Tavern – 88 Broadway, 3865147
Mosman Park – 54 Glyde St. Mosman Park. 3849417
Raffle's Hotel – Kintail Rd. Canning Bridge. 3647400
Kewdale Hotel – 137 Kewdale Rd. Kewdale. 4584544
Albion Hotel – 535 Stirling H'way. Cottesloe. 3840021
Karrinyup Tavern – 85 Francis Ave. Karrinyup. 4468333

TOURS

BOB DYLAN

March
13 Brisbane Festival Hall
18 Adelaide Westlakes
21,22 Myer Music Bowl, Melbourne
25,27 Perth Entertainment Centre

April
1 Sydney **Showground**

BEACH BOYS w. STARS

March
12 Adelaide Westlakes
14,15 Perth Entertainment Centre
18 Sydney Showground

GEORGE BENSON "BREEZIN'"

March
17 Brisbane Festival Hall
18 Sydney State Theatre (6 pm & 8.30)
19 Melbourne Palais Theatre
21 Adelaide Apollo Stadium
23 Christchurch Town Hall
25 Wellington Opera House
26 Her Majesty's Theatre, Auckland

FIFTH DIMENSION

March
14 Brisbane Crest Hotel
15-18 Sydney Maxy's George Street
21 Canberra Lakeside Hotel
22-25 Melbourne Southern Cross
27-28 Hobart Granada Hotel
29,30 Hotel Australia, Adelaide
31 Sheraton Hotel, Perth

April
1 Perth Sheraton Hotel

PACO PENA

March
13-16 Sydney Mayfair Theatre

BILLY JOEL

April
1 Perth Entertainment Centre
4 Adelaide Festival Theatre
9 Melbourne Festival Hall
11 Sydney Hordern Pavilion
13 Brisbane Festival Hall

DRAGON w. FINCH

March
10 Albury Regent Theatre
11 Wangaratta Town Hall
12 Shepparton Civic Centre
13 National Stadium, Canberra
15 Swan Hill Town Hall
16 Broken Hill Civic Centre
17 Mildura Redcliffe Civic Centre
19 Horsham Theatre
21 Mt. Gambier Odeon Theatre
22 Warrnambool Palais Theatre
23 Hamilton Town Hall
27 Geelong Showground
29 Ballarat Civic Hall
31 Sale Memorial Hall

BUSHWACKERS

March
10 Dubbo Civic Centre
11 Orange Civic Centre
12 Young Golf Club
13 Narrandera High School
15 Albury Civic Centre

KEVIN BORICH EXPRESS

March
10,11,12 Arkabar, Adelaide
17 Council Club, Melbourne
18 Matthew Flinders Hotel (early) Cococabana (late)
21 Western Suburbs Leagues Club, Ashfield
22 Wollongong Uni (nite)
24 Bondi Lifesaver
25 Caringbah Hotel
27 Sydney Easter Show
28 Castle Hill RSL
29 Union Theatre (avo) War & Peace (nite)
31 Stage Door Tavern

ROSE TATTOO

March
10 Newcastle Uni
11 Northern Suburbs Leagues Club, Wollongong
12 War & Peace, Parramatta
15 White Horse Hotel, Melbourne
16 Croxton Park Hotel, Melbourne
17 Southside Six (early) Bananas (late)
18 Manhattan Hotel, Melbourne
19 Icelands, Ringwood
25 Bondi Lifesaver

RICHARD CLAPTON BAND

March
10 Patchs, Brisbane
11 Patchs, Brisbane (early) Cleveland Sands Hotel (late)
14-19 Floyd Hotel, Canberra
20 Mt. Pleasant, Wollongong
21 Castle Hill RSL
22 War & Peace, Parramatta
23 Caringbah Hotel
25 Manly Vale
27 Sydney Easter Show
28 Western Suburbs Leagues Club, Ashfield
30 Caringbah Hotel

April
2 Bondi Lifesaver

STARS

March
10 Southside Six, Melbourne
11 Bombay Rock, Melbourne
12 Adelaide Westlakes (early) Boronia Football Club (late)
14,15 Perth Entertainment Centre
18 Sydney Showground
20 Muswellbrook RSL
21 Darling Downs Hotel, Toowoomba
22 Chifley Hotel Alexandria Headland
26 Noosa
28 Tamworth Workers Club
29 Maroubra Seals Club
30 Belmont Hotel, Newcastle
31 Caringbah Hotel

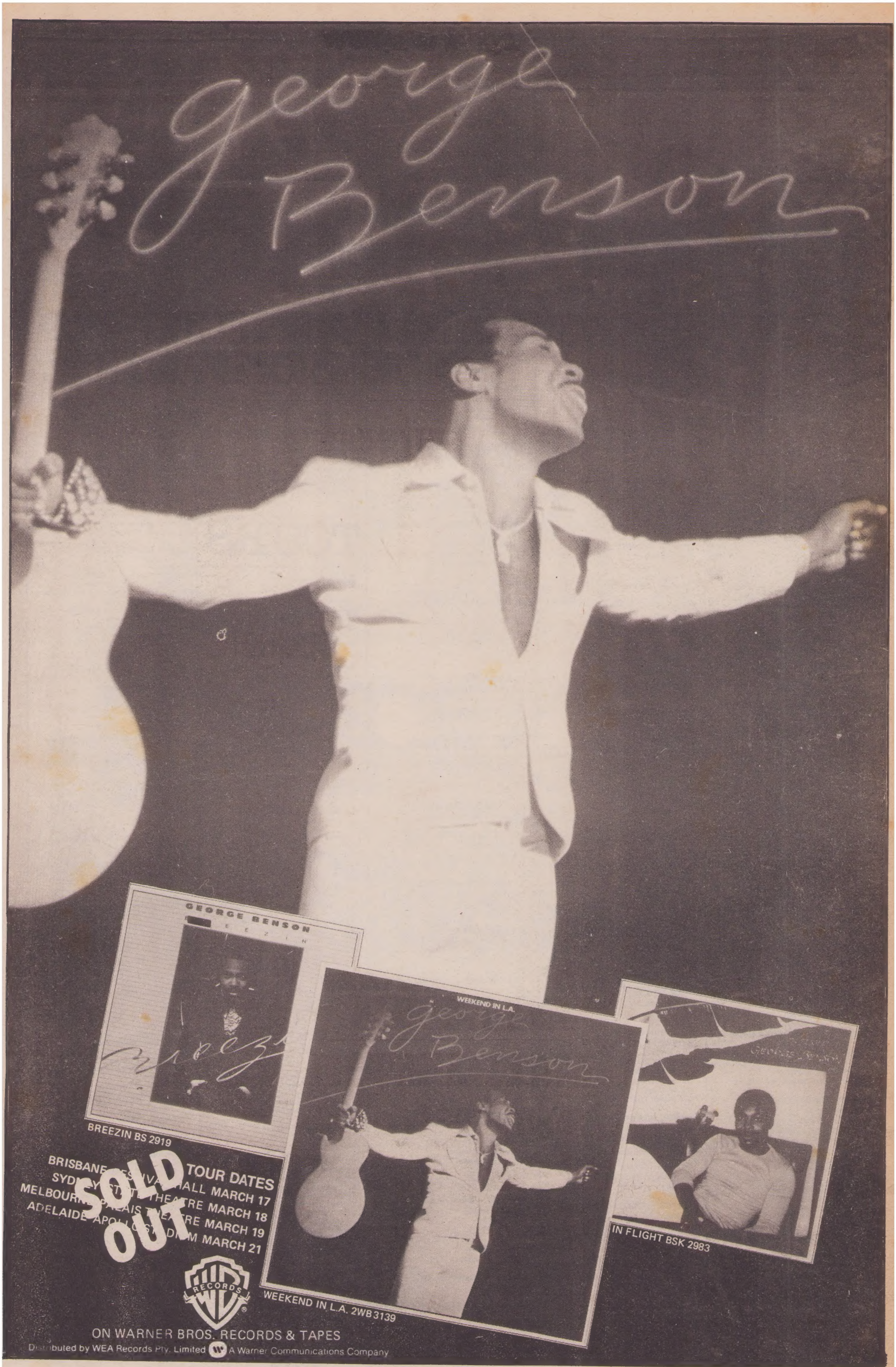
CROSSFIRE

March
10 Marryatville Hotel
11 Flinders University, Adelaide
12 Creole Room, Adelaide
14-16 Prince of Wales Hotel, St. Kilda
17-19 Brownies, Hotel Isabella, Melbourne

JIMMY & THE BOYS

March
8-12 Prince Alfred Hotel, Ipswich
13-26 Brisbane City & Gold Coast

george Benson



BREEZIN BS 2919

WEEKEND IN L.A. 2WB 3139

IN FLIGHT BSK 2983

BRISBANE ... FESTIVAL HALL MARCH 17
SYDNEY ... STATE THEATRE MARCH 18
MELBOURNE ... PLAIS THEATRE MARCH 19
ADELAIDE APOLLO STADIUM MARCH 21

TOUR DATES

SOLD OUT

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